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NOTES OF THE WEEK

NEITHER Sir Austen's speech in the House of Commons last week nor Lord Cushendun's declaration in the House of Lords on Tuesday has quite succeeded in dissipating the fear lest the British Government should kill the Kellogg Peace Pact by damning it with faint praise. The Pact is the most hopeful proposal for the abolition of war that has been made since the League of Nations Covenant was drawn up in 1919. To say that it is too simple to be useful is altogether to misunderstand it: its wide appeal lies in its very simplicity; the last thing we want is to have this merit destroyed by the learned dissertations of international jurists. The United States proposes that the nations should sign a simple and solemn declaration that they will never again use war as a means of furthering their national policy, and Mr. Kellogg has amplified this by distinguishing between national policy and international sanctions such as might have to be carried out by members of the League. It

would be a blunder of the worst kind were Sir Austen's loyalty to France to imperil the success of this great gesture.

We hope that what Sir Austen intended to do in his speech was to explain to the French as gently as possible that Great Britain was going to accept the Kellogg note as it stood. If that is so, France has chosen not to understand him. The general deduction of the French Press, from the *Temps* to the *Quotidien*, is that Sir Austen is polite to the Kellogg draft, but intends to support that submitted by France. These interpretations, coupled with absurd remarks like that of the *Quotidien* that "the Kellogg project ruins the League of Nations," are of course cabled to the United States, where their effect must be singularly bad. Presumably the Foreign Secretary would like to mediate between Paris and Washington, but while Paris talks in this vein mediation is obviously impossible. It is also quite unnecessary. Were a treaty to outlaw war accepted by all the other Great Powers, not six months would elapse before France came along pen in hand to sign so valuable a guarantee of her security.



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The crisis in China is no less serious than it was a week ago, but its centre of gravity has moved from Tsinanfu to Peking and Tientsin. Chang Tso-lin is much more occupied in providing for a line of retreat to Manchuria than in taking measures for the protection of the capital, and the three Nationalist armies have nothing to fear except, possibly, the effects of jealousy between their leaders. Owing to Japanese intervention in Tsinanfu, General Chiang Kai-shek has been so delayed that he will reach Peking long after his two alleged allies, Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-shan. Every possible precaution is being taken to protect foreign interests in Peking and Tientsin and in each city there is roughly one foreign soldier to each foreign resident. These protective measures are necessary, and not provocative. Chiang Kai-shek and Yen Hsi-shan will probably do their best to prevent incidents, knowing that they would only complicate recognition by the Powers of a new Chinese government. The attitude of Feng Yu-hsiang is more doubtful, but even he, with his ambitions to rule in Peking, may keep his soldiers in check.

The Prime Minister has a habit of saying unexpected things and leaving them unexplained. When he said in his speech at Manchester on Wednesday that "all parties will have to make sacrifices, even, it may be, the banks," had he anything definite in his mind, and if so what? Coming immediately after the debate in the House on the Currency Bill it naturally made some people put on these words an interpretation which would not otherwise have occurred to them. If Mr. Baldwin was playing with the idea of an enquiry on the lines demanded by Mr. Snowden, we hope he will develop it. The Bank of England is a private institution, which nevertheless absolutely controls the price of money both for the State and for private concerns and individuals. If the banks are to "make sacrifices" they can only do so by accepting a lower return on money lent; but this, again, can only be done if the Bank of England consents to lower the Bank Rate, the standard of which is conditioned by the need of the Governors to conserve their gold reserve. If that is what Mr. Baldwin had in mind, he is right in thinking it would help trade and industry.

The secret of Mr. Baldwin's popularity—for he is still certainly very popular in the country—lies in what for want of a better word must be called his humanity. His remark to his Lancashire audience that for every shilling he had when he took office he has something under a penny to-day is an example; at once it translates him from a Prime Minister into an ordinary mortal, one whom the man in the street can understand and sympathize with. In the same way his appeal to the cotton trade to try to compose its differences and for employers and workers to meet their troubles with joined hands will certainly be appreciated by the people. Reminding Lancashire of the record of partnership in the cotton trade between capital and labour, he told them that they should think two or three times before they sacrificed a position like that. He is quite right. The calamities of the

trade can only be heightened by the attitude which some of the employers at the moment seem tempted to adopt.

There could be no better proof that Herr Stresemann's foreign policy accords with the views of the majority of the German people than the fact that, owing to his illness, there has been a sharp decline on the Bourse. People in this country will wish him a speedy recovery, not only because he has carried out an extremely difficult task with tact and courage, but also because we can ill spare him and M. Briand at a time when the Kellogg proposals open up prospects of such great international progress. It is unfortunate, for example, that Dr. Benes has been unable to see the German Foreign Secretary on his way back from London to Czechoslovakia, for closer agreement between Berlin and Prague, such as Dr. Benes hopes to achieve, would do much to make the Little Entente as harmless as it pretends to be and, at the same time, to lessen the dependence of these countries upon France and the French belief in partial alliances rather than a general treaty outlawing war.

It is quite improbable that the German general elections, which are to be held to-morrow, will affect that country's foreign policy, but they may be valuable in strengthening the Republican elements. The present Cabinet is a coalition, in which the moderate Centre, People's and Democrat Parties have governed with the collaboration of the Nationalists. This has been invaluable from the point of view of foreign policy, for the Nationalists have been compelled to follow Herr Stresemann in order to be able to push forward reactionary internal legislation. If the elections go as the prophets foretell, we may have a Left Centre Cabinet; the moderate parties are much more ready now than they were fifteen months ago to co-operate with the Social Democrats, who form the strongest group in the Reichstag. Certainly the Nationalist campaign against the foreign policy of the government in which they are still represented would make it very difficult for Herr Stresemann to collaborate with them in the future.

Professor Waldemar, the Prime Minister of Lithuania, arrives in London on a visit to-morrow. Although we should not like to appear inhospitable, we hope that Sir Austen Chamberlain will explain to him frankly how impatient the Western Powers are becoming with his policy towards Poland. The merits of the Zeligowski *coup d'état*, which put that "ubiquitous general of uncertain allegiance," as we believe Lord Balfour once called him in Geneva, in control of Vilna, are no longer under discussion, for rightly or wrongly the Ambassadors' Conference has long since recognized Polish sovereignty over that city. One of the three committees which are trying to thrash out a Polish-Lithuanian agreement at the request of the League has just met in Kovno to discuss a Polish proposal for a treaty of arbitration and conciliation. It might have been thought that M. Waldemar would welcome this step to safeguard Lithuanian independence, but he has

rejected it on the slenderest of grounds. It is unfortunate that a country which in 1920 had won the sympathy of the whole civilized world should deliberately make itself unpopular.

Lord Astor's endeavour to correct the English law of bequest deserves sympathy. The evil of which he complains, the liberty of the legator to leave all his estate away from wife, children and other dependants, came into existence in circumstances hardly anyone troubles to recall. The assumption seems to be that to the mind of this nation, from time immemorial, it has seemed right that the individual should be absolutely free to do what he likes with his own, even if he outrages decent human feeling in the process. But the historical fact is that the law of England was resolutely enough directed against the alienation of what used to be the chief form of wealth—land. It was when movable and easily liquefiable wealth was relatively much less important that the legator was allowed so much freedom with what constituted, in most cases, only a fraction of his total estate. Under modern conditions the British ought to come into line with most continental peoples, and limit the freedom of eccentric or vindictive legators to leave wife and children in indigence while benefiting strangers and institutions. That a man may cut off his wife with a shilling and bequeath a fortune to his mistress is not to the interest of society, and under any rational system the claims of kith and kin should come before those of a home for superannuated cats.

The protest made by Lord Decies, on behalf of the Income Taxpayers' Society, against the inquisitorial methods of income-tax inspectors is timely, if not overdue. No doubt there are numbers of persons whose returns excite suspicion either on account of bad antecedents or on account of inherent improbability. But that reputable citizens, whose returns are reasonable on the face of things, should be badgered with endless enquiries, and even called upon to produce documents which are confidential or the procuring of which causes great trouble, is quite intolerable. Clearly, there is growing up a kind of inspector who begins with the presumption that all returns are false. His suspiciousness is not mitigated when the returns come through eminent firms of solicitors and chartered accountants, whose word could be unhesitatingly taken in every other matter. Where a remedy is to be found is hard to say. The badgered taxpayer may indeed refuse to comply with vexatious demands for more information, but the consequence will only be more bother. Alternatively, we may resort to prayer for an unlikely change of heart in the revenue authorities, who seem to regard the citizen, not as a sharer with them in the national lot, but as a recalcitrant milch-cow, designed by Providence for the Exchequer's benefit but viciously declining to yield full measure.

Since we wrote last week we have been able to give closer inspection to the report of the two engineers invited by the Ministry of Transport to report upon the ingenious scheme of the Royal Commission for a double-decker bridge at Charing Cross. Its conclusions are to the effect that there

is no insuperable difficulty of construction involved, but various objections in detail; among them an insufficient width in the secondary approach from the Strand, inadequate headway for the station under the proposed roadway, the awkward dip which the latter would take a third of the way across the bridge, and the covering in of Waterloo Road for a length of 900 feet. They suggest modifications by which these and other defects might be remedied. But after touching upon an alternative scheme of under-river lines and underground station, which the railway company does not favour, they put forward as their own solution the removal of the station south of the river and the provision of a road-bridge only, roughly on the lines of the Commission's scheme, but considerably reduced in height by the absence of the railway. Such a solution would be welcomed on almost all hands if the consent of the railway could be obtained, and the engineers estimate that the total cost would be less. Lord Lee, in a letter to *The Times*, throws some doubt on this on the ground that compensation to the railway has not been included in the estimate. It is not clear, however, that the railway would lose on the transaction. They would be spared the expense of constructing a new Hungerford Bridge in place of one which is wearing out, and the immense value of the site vacated by the old station should go far to provide for the site and construction of the new. Lord Lee's other point about the length of time that must pass before such a scheme could be completed is a serious one, but a really thorough solution of the problem is so important that patience and a very full discussion are necessary.

The one-way traffic system has proved fairly successful to everyone except pedestrians, but the latest proposal to extend it in London on a grand scale sounds as though the authorities had caught some of the incontinence of the traffic itself. The suggestion is that the Strand and Fleet Street should be made a one-way thoroughfare from end to end to be used only by traffic moving east, traffic moving west using the Victoria Embankment. There is also a suggestion that Waterloo Bridge and Westminster Bridge should be made one-way routes for north and south traffic, and similarly Blackfriars and Southwark Bridges. This is all very fine and nice for vehicles, but what about the people in them? The trouble about taking a large view of traffic problems is that the traffic tends to be looked upon merely as so many things on wheels rather than as conveyances. If the new proposals were to be adopted a person wishing to get to, say, Bush House from the neighbourhood of the Bank would have to travel westward as far as Northumberland Avenue along the Embankment and then start travelling east again down the Strand, or alternatively he would have to leave his bus on the Embankment and walk up the hill into the Strand. In either case he would add considerably to the distance and time of his journey, probably also something to its expense and a great deal to his loss of temper. The same argument applies to the bridges proposals. The traffic authorities must think again.

CURRENCY AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND

THE chief principle embodied in the Currency Bill, which was read a second time last Monday, is the establishment of a central control over the note issue. To the theory that the Bank of England, which controls the credit of the country, should also control the currency there was little opposition, and, as most financial experts had anticipated, criticism of the measure was mainly directed to the clause which limits the fiduciary issue of the notes. Under the Bill this fiduciary issue is fixed at £260,000,000, an amount which is less than that which was in actual currency as recently as last Christmas. Contraction is at the discretion of the bank alone, but any expansion requires Treasury consent, renewable at intervals of six months, and, if continued for more than two years, the approval of Parliament. Although both Mr. Samuel and Sir Hilton Young contended that this clause provided ample safeguards against any possible emergencies, there was a considerable body of opinion, not only confined to Labour members, in the House that in the matter of the note issue greater elasticity should have been allowed.

By far the most important contribution to the debate was the speech in which Mr. Snowden moved his amendment urging an enquiry into the constitution of the Bank of England and into the question of gold and the influence of gold hoarding upon currency and upon credit. In moving his amendment Mr. Snowden expressed no opposition to the amalgamation of the note issues nor did his demand for an enquiry imply any censure on the administration of the Bank of England. On the contrary, he gave the Bank full credit for the manner in which it shouldered its great responsibilities, and he went out of his way to pay a well-deserved tribute to the present Governor, who, as he rightly said, has done more than any man living to assist the financial reconstruction of Europe. He pointed out, however, that the Bank was hampered by an archaic constitution which was not adapted to deal with modern financial conditions and with the needs of industry. He maintained that the present directors of the Bank of England were not in close enough touch with the needs of industry and that the credit facilities which the Bank provided were too restricted. He implied that he would like to see an extension of the sphere of activity from which the directors are now elected, and, although he shared the general dislike of a central bank under political interference, he thought the Bank of England should be a public corporation, composed of the very best men, representative of finance and industry, and upon which the Board of Trade, the co-operative movement, and labour should be represented.

With regard to the Bill itself Mr. Snowden's chief objection was to the fixing of the fiduciary issue at £260,000,000, a figure which might be sufficient for present needs, but which was certainly not sufficient to meet a legitimate expansion of trade or any exceptional call for an increase in currency notes. He scored a good point when he argued that the rigid limitation of the

fiduciary issue seemed to be based on the idea that there was never going to be an improvement in the trade of this country. If trade were to improve and half a million of our unemployed were to be absorbed by industry; if an increase of population were to lead to a great increase in the purchasing power of the workers, an immediate augmentation in the demand for currency would follow. The present rigid limitation of the fiduciary issue made no provision for such an increase. He contended, that the Bank, after a revision of its constitution, should be given very large powers to meet a demand for an increase of currency "within wide though, of course, reasonable limits, otherwise they would be making the currency not the servant but the master of trade and industry."

It is obvious that Mr. Snowden's proposals raise far wider issues than the mere concentration of the currency and Bank note issue in the hands of the Bank of England. In fact, he has taken advantage of the opportunity which the new Bill presents to demand an enquiry, not so much into the Bank charter and the present functions and powers of the Bank, as into its gold and credit policy. On these two all-important questions Mr. Snowden, although a great admirer of Mr. Montagu Norman, is at variance with the present policy of the Bank, and it is an open secret that he is supported by more than one eminent banking authority in the City of London who has no connexion and no sympathy with the Labour Party. Some time before his death the late Dr. Leaf, assuming that the amalgamation of the note issues in the hands of the Bank of England would involve a complete revision of its Charter, actually drafted the outlines of a remodelled Bank Act. More than once, too, the Chairman of the Midland Bank has publicly criticized the excessive rigidity of the Bank's credit policy, which he maintains has seriously retarded the revival of trade. In addition to these prominent authorities there are many manufacturers and leaders of industry who take similar views.

In some respects the Bank is a highly autocratic and jealously guarded corporation, and there is a strong element of truth in Mr. Snowden's contention that its directors are not in close enough touch with the main arteries of our industrial life and that the methods of their selection do not conform to modern needs. However much the Government may pretend that the new Bill aims merely at the legalization of a state of affairs which already exists, there is no doubt that it does confer new powers and unknown responsibilities on the directors of the Bank. Similar enquiries have been held on previous occasions, and in view of the present highly complicated state of the world's finances Mr. Snowden's demand for a fresh enquiry seems in many respects an eminently reasonable one.

Whether this enquiry should be made a preliminary to the passing of the Bill is another matter. There are many sound arguments why the question of the enquiry should be kept entirely divorced from the contemplated legislation. Nothing could be more damaging to the financial credit of this country and to the high prestige which the Bank of England enjoys abroad than that its administration should become

the subject of acrimonious party dispute in the House of Commons. In this connexion we must cross swords with Sir Laming Worthington Evans for lowering the high level of the debate by his tactless suggestion that Mr. Snowden's amendment was a political manoeuvre. It is notorious—and, indeed, it was quite obvious from the interjections of his colleagues—that on matters concerning finance and, more especially, on matters concerning the Bank of England, Mr. Snowden speaks far more in his capacity as an independent financial expert than as the spokesman of his party. As we have already said, his views have the support of a much wider circle of financial authorities than are to be found among the Labour members of the House of Commons. The Bank of England is a national institution which serves the needs of the whole community. If there is to be an enquiry—and for many reasons we are in favour of an enquiry—it must be conducted in the most impartial manner possible and by the best financial forces, irrespective of party, which the country can supply.

SIR EDMUND GOSSE

WITH the death of Sir Edmund Gosse we are brought to the end of an epoch that will always receive respectful attention from the historians of English literary criticism.

Sir Edmund Gosse and his strict contemporaries grew up under the influences of Arnold and Pater and Swinburne, but their own critical work belonged to a quieter period distinguished, on the whole, less for the emotional and purely artistic qualities of its criticism than for the thoroughness of its research, its care about texts, its patience in elucidating the more complex literary personalities of the past and of its own day. It was the period in which the general body of English poetry was first seriously edited, in which the series edited by Morley and the 'Dictionary of National Biography' and many monographs gave the ordinary reader his first clear impression of the lives of English writers as a whole, and in which literary insularity, already shaken by the exotic interests of the "Pre-Raphaelites," was worn down by the introduction successively of French, Russian, Scandinavian and Italian writers.

Without being, between 1875 and 1900, pre-eminent in any one of the literary activities characteristic of the period, Sir Edmund Gosse was gracefully and industriously engaged in all. As a writer of verse he was closely associated, not merely as a fellow-worker at the Board of Trade when it was a nest of carefully songful birds, with a poet so typical of the generation as Austin Dobson; and in the importation of certain of the fixed French poetical forms he was even ahead of the more considerable poet. In regard to literary biography, he partly filled an immense gap, which had terrified all predecessors and even after him remains alarming, with his life of John Donne; he did well things needing to be done in his lives of Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne. And incessantly he was occupied with the criticism of contemporary English books, bringing to the task

very wide reading, shrewd judgment, a generous willingness to consider novelties, however disconcerting. But what came, quite rightly, to be considered his distinguishing achievements were his work to give the English reader a European mind and his work as a miniature or kit-cat portrait painter of literary personages known to him in the flesh.

He was before everyone else in that matter of Ibsen, and would have been even earlier could he have exorcised from the mind of the then Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW the suspicion that Ibsen was a mythical creature invented for a hoax. He was among the first to draw English attention to several other northern writers. He was early and active and discreetly enthusiastic in introducing the French poets of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and he made certain contemporary novelists of Italy and Spain and Holland familiar to a public that till then had never heard of them.

Still more important was what we have called his miniature or kit-cat painting of eminent literary persons whom he had known. He was not a painter of souls: admirable as the Donne and the Swinburne are; and the latter is masterly in the distribution of emphasis, the innermost secret of those strange, great natures is not revealed by them. But no man since Carlyle has reproduced the significant physical characteristics of a man of genius with such skill as we applaud in the description of Coventry Patmore, and hardly anyone has surpassed Sir Edmund Gosse in the amiably malicious utilization of opportunities for twitching aside the singing robes of a poet to expose some oddity of attitude. He had a higher success here than in pure criticism; and he succeeded more often in sketches of secondary writers than in full-length portraiture of genius of the highest order. A little apart from such work was the book which, of all he wrote, is most likely to endure, the just and painful record of spiritual discord between 'Father and Son.'

He who put critical truth above conventional piety would have scorned necrological flattery. Let us say, then, that the position which he occupied during the last twenty years, as the chief of all English literary workers who are not creative, was attained in part by sheer longevity and persistence as a critic. But it was given him also because, as he movingly said in his finest poem, he was no mere praiser of the past, but was indefatigably curious about the latest developments in every branch of literature. He was inexhaustibly generous to every young writer with a conscience and an aim. That he liked to feel privy to every little literary secret of the hour, that he somewhat exaggerated the frequency with which God has given talents where the Crown has given a peerage: these were foibles affording his friends an affectionate amusement which he, had he become aware of it, would probably not have grudged them. And the squeeze of lemon he was apt to add to his blandest commendation or most reverent reminiscence can have annoyed few but fools. He cared for literature intensely, and served it loyally and long. He goes from us honoured and mourned by none more sincerely than by this paper, to which he was for years a contributor.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THE American peace proposals and Egypt are subjects too dissimilar for convenient simultaneous treatment. Thursday's debate on Foreign Affairs suffered accordingly, and also from the lack of definite grounds for argument. The immediate crisis in Egypt has been surmounted and no decision on the American proposals has yet been taken. Mr. MacDonald tried to reconcile the attitude towards Egypt which he adopted when Foreign Secretary and still maintains with that of those of his followers who insist on regarding the Egyptians as an oppressed people. The result was confused. He was on safer ground in welcoming the American proposals, but here he was pushing an open door. The Foreign Secretary could only explain what was happening, judiciously mingling conciliation and firmness with regard to Egypt, and pointing out that the delay in answering the United States was due to the necessity of consulting the Dominions, not to unwillingness to grasp an opportunity of promoting peace. Mr. Lloyd George's support of the Government was so complete that there was little left to affirm or deny. An excellent maiden speech by Sir Rennell Rodd was the only other notable feature of the day.

Colonel Buchan moved the adoption, and Sir Frank Meyer the rejection, of the Dog Racing Bill on Friday in two of the best speeches that have been made for some time. Both laid themselves out to persuade, and not merely to defend or attack a predetermined position, as the usual run of party business accustoms most Members to do. The issue was not the merits of dog racing itself, but only whether local authorities should have the power of prohibiting the establishment of tracks in particular cases. Thus Colonel Buchan was able to plead for the regulation of abuses without condemning the sport. Sir Frank Meyer, who delivered a well constructed argument with finished handling of voice, phrase and gesture, based himself on the individual's right to amuse himself in his own way. He is already known as D.O.R.A.'s worst enemy, and is always prepared to resist anything where he thinks he can detect the kill-joy propensities of what Australians call "wowers." A great deal of interesting information regarding the effects of dog racing emerged from the discussion, and particularly from the Home Secretary's dispassionate survey, which conveyed the impression that, properly conducted, it is a legitimate form of entertainment, but that the dangers of over-indulgence in it must be closely watched. For this reason, and in spite of the taint of local option and grandmotherliness, the majority of Members endorsed what is really a gesture in favour of public respectability and a warning.

Monday's debate on the Currency Bill went a good deal beyond the particular issue of merging the "Bradbury" into the Bank Note. The Labour left wing wanted to make it an occasion for demanding more, instead of less, Treasury control of currency and credit, and for advocating the nationalization of the Bank of England. Mr. A. M. Samuel, cautioned by experience, and now strictly chaperoned by Sir Laming Worthington-Evans and Major Elliot, steadfastly resisted the temptation to respond to importunities. Mr. Snowden tried to gloss over the differences in his own party by appealing for non-party treatment of the subject. He then suggested that the Government were at fault in not having looked into the constitution of the Bank of England and in not having brought about greater international co-operation of central banks, but was careful to leave much latitude for interpretation as to the how, when and why. His glowing personal tribute to the

Governor of the Bank, might, or might not, be taken as a justification of the existing system.

His speech lost nothing in interest by lacking in combativeness, but Sir E. Hilton Young's acute mind did not let one of its ambiguities escape unrevealed and Sir Laming Worthington-Evans fully exposed the political weakness of the Labour position in an amusing and effective debating speech. He showed that the Socialist pundits like Mr. Pethick Lawrence were tilting against imaginary windmills, because an enquiry had already been held on the Bank of England and because steady progress was being made with the fulfilment of the Genoa resolutions. It was difficult to make out whether Mr. Maxton was most dissatisfied with the Government or his own leaders, but his remarks could only confirm the wisdom of putting the control of currency beyond the reach of the politician.

Although Mr. Neville Chamberlain spoke with concise lucidity for over an hour on Tuesday when introducing the Ministry of Health's Estimates, he could not survey even all the most important of his department's activities. No Minister in this Parliament has been responsible for so many subjects of outstanding public interest, or has been so heavily burdened with House of Commons work. Housing, Health Services, Insurance, the Poor Law, Rating, and Local Government organization have been constantly to the fore. But nothing seems to shake Mr. Chamberlain's imperturbability. Perhaps it is his cold efficiency which, in spite of a pleasing delivery and obvious sincerity, deprives him of all the popularity he deserves. Of his constructive ability there can be no doubt, but he never allows sentiment to obscure his judgment, and is apt to credit his critics with too great an ability to face impalatable facts. On this occasion he emphasized the urgency of slum clearance and maternity welfare in a manner which suggested that the Government will have proposals to bring forward before long. His speech was so impressive that Opposition speakers had to fall back on the old allegations of harsh Poor Law Administration. Mrs. Runciman, however, scored a distinct success with an informative and suggestive maiden speech.

The record of the Board of Education has been less exciting, but was found almost harder to attack on Wednesday. Little except points of detail was raised. Mr. Trevelyan and some of his colleagues brought a general accusation of stagnation against the Government, but their case lacked both substance and conviction. They like to represent Lord Eustace Percy and the Duchess of Atholl as keen educationists fettered by a parsimonious Chancellor of the Exchequer. Both of them were able to show that progress, if not spectacular, was steadily constant. It is a pity that more Conservatives do not help to dispel the illusion that their party is apathetic on this subject, though it is true that the administrative technicalities do not provide an interest commensurate with their importance.

FIRST CITIZEN

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN RUMANIA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE exaggerated publicity which has been given by the English Press to the so-called Carol plot has distracted attention from the more serious aspects of the Rumanian crisis. In spite of his dramatic attempt to profit by the discontent of the two hundred thousand peasants assembled at Alba Julia, the fortunes or misfortunes of this amorous young man, have had no influence whatsoever on the internal situation in Rumania.

Of Prince Carol that is all that need be said. The dispute between the National Peasants' Party and the Bratianu Liberals remains acute and is likely to pass through further degrees of acuteness before it will be settled. In the sensational Press this quarrel has been painted in such black colours that many people in this country now believe that Rumania is on the verge of revolution. This is a gross exaggeration. Indeed, in some respects Rumania is more tranquil and more disciplined than many of the Balkan and Central European States. There is a crisis in Rumania—a serious crisis because it is a protracted one, and because it is impossible for anyone to foresee its end—but just because it is more like a festering sore than a malignant growth it is unlikely to produce any immediate convulsion.

What is the Rumanian crisis and what are its remedies? The post-war history of Rumania is very like the post-war history of Yugoslavia. A country which had been an independent state before the war and which suffered cruelly for its participation in the war on the side of the Allies received as a reward of victory a large acquisition not only of new territory but of new population. To a large extent the latter was composed of compatriots who had been living for centuries under the yoke of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. In Yugoslavia this new element is represented by the Croats and the Slovenes; in Rumania by the Transylvanians and by the Rumanians in Bessarabia. In both countries the same process took place. In the first flush of reunion there was great enthusiasm for the new state. Land reforms were introduced in order to satisfy the land-hunger of the new peasantry, and the inauguration of a new era of freedom and democracy was solemnly proclaimed. So long as national questions dominated the political situation, this enthusiasm continued and, indeed, in certain circumstances still exists to-day.

As Central Europe began to acquire stability, the national question declined in significance, and questions of internal politics became more and more important. And gradually the new elements in the population awoke to the fact that, although they provided the bulk of the taxes, all the plums of office were reserved for the old regime in Belgrade and Bucharest. Both in Rumania and in Yugoslavia there is now a more or less permanent crisis engendered by the discontent of the new elements with the corruption and centralist maladministration of the old elements.

In Yugoslavia the differences between the old and the new elements have been attenuated, partly because the Croats and the Slovenes have no common policy, and partly because the old elements themselves are split into two antagonistic groups of Radicals and Democrats who are forced to seek allies against each other among the Croats and Slovenes. In Rumania, however, the situation is much more serious, because by a process of elimination the new and the old Rumanians now stand face to face against each other in two bitterly antagonistic parties. With the eclipse of the Popular party the Liberals now hold complete sway in old Rumania, while after years of patient negotiation M. Maniu has succeeded in welding the different elements of the new Rumania into one large but far from consolidated Peasants' Party.

The grievances of the National Peasants are set forth in the eight resolutions which were passed at the recent Congress at Alba Julia. They protested against the methods by which M. Bratianu maintains himself in power: suppression of the Press, police-dragooned elections, wholesale bribery of officials, and all the thousand-and-one irregularities which can be found to a larger or smaller degree in the administration of all the Balkan and Central European States. They demanded his immediate resignation, because his Government did not represent the majority of the Rumanian people. But it is noteworthy that the Peasants passed two resolutions protesting against

any revision of the Treaty of Trianon and asserting their determination to fight to their last drop of blood for the new Rumanian state. In fact, the Alba Julia meeting, although a triumph for M. Maniu because it enabled him to show the world how real and far-reaching is Rumanian discontent with the Bratianu regime, was far from being the revolutionary gathering which the foreign Press represented it to be. M. Maniu himself is certainly no revolutionary, and the march on Bucharest, carried out against his wishes, ended in a fiasco and in a humiliating appeal to the Liberal Government for extra railway transport to take the footsore peasants to their homes. So far from the Bratianu Government being intimidated into resignation by the Alba Julia demonstration, its tactical position to-day is probably stronger than it was before the Congress.

M. Bratianu will be making a cardinal blunder if he attempts to exploit the tactical failure of Alba Julia for the benefit of his own party without recognizing the real significance of that demonstration. It is obvious that neither in Rumania nor in Yugoslavia can the old elements continue to ride roughshod over the new elements. Sooner or later, such a course must lead to disaster. Alba Julia was the writing on the wall.

M. Bratianu complains bitterly of the campaign of lies which has been conducted against his country, especially in the English Press, and asserts that since the war Rumania has made greater progress towards internal consolidation than any of its neighbours. M. Bratianu's allegations are not entirely devoid of truth. Few English newspapers maintain a regular correspondent in the Balkans, and much of the news which filters through to this country about Rumania comes from Hungarian agencies which are notoriously untrustworthy. Reprehensible, too, are the methods of certain newspapers which systematically write down Rumania and write up Hungary in order to convey the impression that the one country enjoys a highly efficient form of Government while the other is subjected to a semi-barbaric tyranny. No understanding of the various problems of Central Europe and the Balkans is possible which does not take into account the fact that government in that part of Europe is very different from government in Western Europe and that the corruption and maladministration which are supposedly typical of Rumania have their counterpart in Budapest and Belgrade or, indeed, in any of the Central European capitals.

When every allowance has been made, however, M. Bratianu has only himself to blame. Three courses are open to him. First, by an extension of the principle of self-government to the new territories, he can attempt to remedy some of the chief grievances of the Transylvanians and the Bessarabians. Secondly, he can endeavour to form a coalition Government with M. Maniu or he can try to break up the unity of the National Peasants' Party by forming a coalition with one of its component parts. Thirdly, he can resign in order to saddle M. Maniu with the responsibility of Government and in the hope that the latter's inexperience will speedily bring the Liberals back into power. Probably he will adopt none of these courses, but will elect to remain in power until he is driven out, confident in the knowledge that he understands the political machinery of Rumania far better than M. Maniu does, that his party is far richer and better organized than the National Peasants' Party, and that, in spite of much lip-service to democracy, Rumania has always been ruled by brute force and despotism. And that is the tragedy of M. Bratianu and of Rumania. Because Rumania has always been ruled in the Bratianu manner, he believes that the new Rumania can be governed by the same methods. The crisis is a latent one. It will not reach its climax to-day nor yet, perhaps, to-morrow, but unless there is some reform in this pernicious system, one day it will produce an upheaval.

A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Oxford, May 14, 1928

THE defeat of both schemes for the future of the Bodleian was not unexpected. In fact it is almost a mathematical certainty, under the system of counting heads by which we govern ourselves, that if any two proposals are put to the vote and there is a minority which does not hold with either, both will be rejected, since the minority which wants that to happen is swelled in the divisions by the entire following first of one side and then of the other. It was a dull and wasted afternoon, the only competent speech being made in support of the lost cause of a new Bodleian on a grand scale. Opinion had already crystallized during a long campaign of pamphlets and letters to the Press. It would have needed something much more inspiring to change the temper of Congregation, which, after suffering considerable boredom for over two hours, filed out and voted exactly as it had made up its mind to vote beforehand. Feeling never ran high until the bitter end, when it seemed likely that the 4.30 to London might leave before the house divided. This anxiety is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that the 4.30 is the last good train for five hours.

The reverse which the Hebdomadal Council has suffered is clearly its own fault. It attempted to go too fast, and failed to allow for the feeling of responsibility to future generations which was one of the decisive factors. Congregation was not disposed to be rushed into any act so far-reaching on the mere recommendation of the Council, even if there had been no schism, and the clumsy attempt of the two parties to force it into choosing between them quite naturally led to a rebuff for both.

The opposers of scheme "A" harped curiously on the not unnatural reluctance of its promoters to disclose the exact sites for a new central library which they had in view until an option on them had been secured. They virtually denied that any could be found. Yet of the four quadrants into which the city is divided at Carfax, the south-western is entirely given over to one of the worst slums in England. It is apparently taken for granted that the next generation is going to tolerate St. Ebbe's; the Broad and the High can be swept away in the interests of modernization, but St. Ebbe's, which has been ramshackle and insanitary ever since anyone can remember, may go on not quite tumbling down and not actually causing an epidemic without anyone to lay profane hands upon it. This seems a rather dangerous assumption, and no one in touch with the rising generation and its expanding claims on life is likely to be too sure that it will continue without serious friction to put up with St. Ebbe's for ever.

Meanwhile the Bodleian, which has survived the battle raging around it, is celebrating the completion of the Oxford Dictionary by a special exhibition illustrating the history of English Dictionaries. The display of a few dozen printed and MS. works is of no particular interest to the average visitor, and in fact the open pages of Wynkyn de Worde's type emphasize the general atmosphere of the 'Grammarians' Funeral.' Apparently those responsible were not unconscious of this, and apologetically display Johnson's Dictionary open at the page which defines a lexicographer as "a harmless drudge." Much the most interesting exhibit is that of the methods, copy and corrected proofs, which might with advantage have been elaborated; the Exhibition hardly does justice to the most colossal task ever completed by any University.

Lord Grey's succession to the Chancellorship seems virtually assured, and unless there is anything subversive to discipline in a Chancellor who took a third in schools his qualifications for the post are beyond question. No one is better fitted to make a graceful and eloquent figurehead in public and a wise counsellor in private, which are the essential duties of a Chancellor.

There is at least a possibility that Eights Week (May 24-30) will see Brasenose go head of the river, breaking for the first time since 1892 the monopoly which has been held by Magdalen, New College, University and the House. An all-Oxford river fixture involving over 40 eights sounds rather a depressing prospect, and it may seem a matter of no importance who goes head of the river in the trough year of Oxford rowing; but anything which tends to bring an end to stagnation is to be encouraged, and the success of the Cantabrigian methods adopted by the Exeter crew will be followed with interest, if not with enthusiasm. Exeter starts at the fifth place, and is said to be a much more finished crew than last year, when it made one of the two bumps recorded among the first seven boats.

No one could be more pleased than your Correspondent by the Warden of New College's assurance that the building-land notice on Boar's Hill refers only to an insignificant corner of the college estate, and that the rest is intended to be preserved. It is only by a self-denying policy on the part of the colleges that large areas in the Oxford neighbourhood can hope to escape exploitation.

HARVEY AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD

SCIENTIFIC research is as full of glorious hazard as is anything that Monte Carlo has to offer. Impersonality of aims is matched by the impartial distribution of honours. The modest volume, of less than a hundred pages, from the pen of William Harvey which was published in Frankfurt three centuries ago, has, in the event, done more than any single work to determine the course of physiological science and medical practice. Yet it is impossible that the importance of the book, or of the doctrine which it enunciated and defended, could have been known to or even suspected by the author or any of his contemporaries. The circular course of the blood which Harvey for the first time demonstrated in a manner that still strikes us as masterly has now a significance which it could not possibly have had when neither the function nor the composition of the blood itself was known.

Until the latter half of the sixteenth century the basis of medicine had hardly been disturbed for over thirteen hundred years. From the time of the celebrated Galen, the Asiatic-Greek physician of Marcus Aurelius, no important advances were made in physiology or anatomy until the appearance in 1543 of the 'De Humani Corporis Fabrica' by the anatomist Vesalius, who, basing his statements on dissection and first-hand observation, threw a shadow of doubt on the infallible authority of the corrupt Galenite creed that almost universally obtained. At about the same time evidences of new speculative activity manifested themselves in every branch of knowledge; and we encounter such names as Galileo, Bruno, William Gilbert and Kepler. In the medical sciences Vesalius was by no means alone. Between the appearance of his book and that of Harvey's historic work, many physiologists and anatomists imbued with the true spirit of scientific enquiry taught and wrote. These men had

already begun to lead physiology away from the wilderness of metaphysics, in which it had so long stagnated, into the paths of observation and experiment. For it must not be supposed that Harvey's name—high and honourable as it is—stands out as an altogether isolated peak; though to him as in a later age to Charles Darwin, is due the credit of driving to a logical conclusion, and bringing together into a coherent and significant harmony, the partial discoveries, observations and inferences of many. It is fitting and natural that we, as English people, celebrate with pride the life and contribution of our great countryman (Harvey was English in physique, tastes, temperament and character), but it would not be right to omit to pay homage also to that great Venetian centre of culture but for which it is safe to affirm that Harvey's genius would never have yielded its fruit; to his teacher Fabricius, whose work on the valves of the veins furnished Harvey with one of his most relevant and suggestive facts; to Servitus, who, so early as 1553, described with considerable approach to accuracy the pulmonary circulation; and to Cæsalpinus, who, a few years later, wrote a description of the blood and its circulation which, even now, reads singularly near the mark. All these and many others had broken away from the traditional, almost official, view, and provided many essential strands of the cord which Harvey, favoured by circumstance and the peculiar constitution of his mind and character, fashioned.

It was in 1628 that the 'Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis in Animalibus' appeared, though his note-books of twelve years earlier show that Harvey had already arrived at his revolutionary conclusions: "*Constat per fabricam cordis sanguinem per pulmones in Aortam perpetuo transferri, as by two clocks of a water bellows to rayse water. Constat per ligaturam transitum sanguinis ab arteriis ad venas; unde Δ perpetuum sanguinis motum in circulo fieri pulsus cordis.*" But it was eleven years earlier still, in 1605, that one of Harvey's patients wrote: "There is one thing which is of more consequence than all the rest: namely, a true and active Natural Philosophy for the science of Medicine to be built upon"; and it was the same patient who, a few years later, said: "No one has yet been found so firm of mind and purpose as resolutely to compel himself to sweep away all theories and common notions, and to apply the understanding thus made fair and even to a fresh examination of particulars." It is difficult not to recall these comments of Francis Bacon when, in a later work of Harvey's, we read: "The method of investigating truth commonly pursued at this time is to be held erroneous and almost foolish, in which so many enquire what others have said, and omit to ask whether the things themselves be actually so or not." In the Middle Ages, the professional view of the movements of the blood was after this fashion. The products of digestion, having been conveyed to the liver, there become converted into blood. This blood is then transmitted by the great veins to the right side of the heart. Its impurities are there removed, carried to the lungs and expelled into the outer air. The blood thus purified is moved backwards and forwards in the veins, a little, however, escaping through invisible pores into the left side of the heart, where it becomes mixed with inhaled air from the lungs. This mixture of blood and air moves backwards and forwards in the arteries, much as does the main bulk of blood in the veins.

Such was the doctrine, already somewhat shaken by the discoveries of Vesalius and others, which Harvey effectively discredited. Having shown that the heart is a muscular organ playing a leading part in determining the movement of the blood, he pointed out the absurdity of the contention that a continuous fresh supply of blood issued from its supposed manufactory, the liver. He demonstrated that in an hour the heart

actually propels in its four thousand beats far more than the total amount of blood in the body. If but two ounces were propelled at each contraction of the ventricle, nearly five cwt. of blood would be emptied into the aorta in one hour. In the absence of a "circular" explanation, it is impossible to account for the source or the disposal of this vast amount. Clearly, the same blood must be pumped out again and again into the arteries, and again and again be returned to the heart through the veins. Obviously, the valves in the veins are there to secure the steady flow of the blood in one direction only. By means of innumerable observations and experiments—some of them not too pleasant to contemplate, for anaesthetics were, of course, unknown—Harvey proved conclusively that the way in which, as had already been shown by Servitus, blood circulates from the right ventricle through the pulmonary arteries to the lungs, and thence through the pulmonary veins to the left side of the heart, is essentially similar to the way in which blood passes from the left side of the heart to the right; in the latter case proceeding by the aorta and its arterial branches to all parts of the body, whence it is collected by veins and returned to the right side of the heart, thence to be pumped to the lungs and passed again to the left heart for recirculation.

Profoundly as Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood differs from anything imagined by Aristotle or by Galen, in most matters he displayed an almost reactionary loyalty to ancient teaching. His views on such things as the relation of air to fire would have seemed commonplace twenty centuries earlier. Indeed, for the most part, his allegiance to Aristotle and to Galen was as steadfast as his allegiance to the King—with whom, by the way, he was present at the Battle of Naseby, guarding, in the shelter of a hedge, the two boys who were later Charles II and James II.

The medical profession is notoriously conservative; and throughout history it has been none too eager to welcome new and disturbing theories. The hostility displayed in some quarters to Harvey's doctrine—certainly much exaggerated by Aubrey—is often quoted as typical of medical prejudice and selfish conservatism; but the events suggest that the opposition was neither general nor influential, for the publication of the 'Exercitatio' was followed by Harvey's appointment as physician to the King and his subsequent election as President of the College of Physicians—a post which, however, he declined on account of failing health. In fact, in common with many other great men in the history of science, Harvey lived to see the general acceptance of his main doctrine by those most competent to judge it.

M.D.

TASTES IN BOOKS

BY ROSE MACAULAY

FAR be it from me to attempt here to raise the ancient philosophical enquiry as to what we mean when we say good and bad, or whether it is in fact possible to mean anything beyond the expression of a personal reaction. But the history of literary taste furnishes an amusing comment on the persistent endeavours of our touchingly persistent human race to standardize taste in all life's departments, to say, with the cheerful and admirable firmness of the theologian: This is true, that untrue; this is good, that bad; this is beautiful, that ugly.

From the earliest years, we have pursued this pathetic quest for a standard; doubtless our first ancestors, quivering jelly-like in muddy ooze, were eager that all protozoa should think alike on life, on art, on pleasure and on pain. Those who have tried to analyse that odd, inexplicable thing we call beauty

have fallen back on an appeal to a non-existent universal taste. "In a word," says Longinus, "you may pronounce that sublime which always pleases, and takes equally with all sorts of men." Thus, "in a word," there never has been and never will be anything sublime. Burke argues from mankind's common taste in honey, vinegar, swans and peacocks to a common taste in the elegant arts. He admits that two men may seem to differ in literary taste, and that "one is charmed with Don Bellianis and reads Virgil coldly, whilst another is transported with the *Æneid* and leaves Don Bellianis to children." But he argues that the actual difference is not in taste, but in knowledge, for the lover of Don Bellianis perhaps knows nothing of history or geography, so, when he "reads of a shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia, wholly taken up with so interesting an event and only solicitous for the fate of his hero, he is not in the least troubled at so extravagant a blunder. For why should he be shocked who does not know but that Bohemia may be an island in the Atlantic Ocean?" Besides these differences in knowledge, "all those passions which pervert the judgment in other matters prejudice us no less in this more refined and elegant province. These produce different opinions on anything without inducing us to suppose that there are no settled principles of reason."

So he proceeds, bent on explaining away those genuine differences of opinion between equally well-equipped minds which have already been so unacceptable to literary enquirers. Anything for a standard! "Where," cries Blair, "is our standard of appeal in taste, as the court is the standard of good breeding and the scripture of theological truth?" He finds his court of appeal in the judgment of "the majority of polished and refined persons"; but, perceiving this to be a little questionable, he falls back on an apology for the Creator. "To ascertain in every case with exactness what is beautiful and elegant was not at all necessary to the happiness of man, and therefore some diversity in fancy was here allowed to take place." But he continues, very weakly, "When foreigners or when posterity examine an author's work" the temporary mistakes of human taste are righted. Foreigners and posterity! Two classes of reader even more liable than others to be astray as to the very meaning of a work of literature. As is well known, a standing joke of the literary circles of each nation is the opinion of foreign critics on their literature.

But here is Vicesimus Knox in the same strain. "Men are so like each other that work which has pleased the greater part during a long time will please the whole, if their minds are properly cultivated, and will please them for ever." Yet he proceeds to complain of the unaccountable irregularities of cultivated minds—as that Goldsmith did not admire Gray, that many celebrated men had actually praised Cowley, "a writer who is now seldom read," and so forth.

In trying to prove a common taste among elegant minds, these advocates have a stiff job. They have to ignore what Quintillian thought of Lucretius and Catullus, what Plato and Plutarch thought of too long a list of generally esteemed authors to retail here, what the acute Roger Ascham said of the *Morte d'Arthur*, and the learned Hume of classical tragedy. ("I cannot, nor is it proper that I should, enter into such sentiments, and however I can excuse the poet on account of the manners of his age, I never can relish it. The want of humanity and of decency, so conspicuous in the characters drawn by several of the ancient poets, even by Homer, diminishes considerably the merit of their noble performances, and gives modern authors an advantage over them.")

As to Shakespeare, so generally esteemed to-day, Mr. Thomas Rymer, the seventeenth-

century critic, complained that the "neighing of a horse or the howling of a mastiff possesses more meaning than his verse." Voltaire approximated to this view, and Dr. Johnson spoke disdainfully of Shakespeare's "rambling and undigested fancies," and complained that "his set speeches are commonly cold and weak, while he has corrupted language with every mode of depravation." Johnson also found Spenser's stanzas harsh and unmusical to the ear, and Richardson an incomparably finer novelist than Fielding. Richardson indeed, ranked so comparatively low to-day, was revered by most critics of his own and the succeeding age in all countries. Musset called 'Clarissa' "le premier roman du monde," and Diderot said he placed Richardson's novels on the shelf with Homer, Moses, and Euripides (one gathers that a surprising number of book owners shelve their books according to similarity of preference rather than of size).

Then we have Coleridge, perhaps our most distinguished English critic, running down Gibbon, one of our most distinguished English stylists; Gray could not away with Fielding or Smollett, Hazlitt and Mr. E. M. Forster cannot do with Scott, nor Pope with Rabelais, while Addison's comment on Chaucer was "In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain, and tries to make his readers laugh in vain." Johnson (who had a defective ear, and enquired "If Pope is not a poet, where is poetry to be found?") says, "Sir William Temple was the first writer to give cadence to English prose," ignoring Sidney, Lyly, Bacon, Hooker, Clarendon, Sir Thomas Browne, and the English translators of the Bible. De Quincey found Horace Walpole a better writer than Voltaire and Southey than Gibbon; Byron and Shelley greatly admired Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Matthew Arnold disliked Shelley and the advanced intellectuals of the mid-nineteenth century rhapsodized over 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' by Charlotte M. Yonge. Equally to-day there are as many opinions on works of literature as there are minds equipped to form opinions at all. "Any polite and elegant reader," as Vicesimus Knox says, "may pronounce on a work of literature, according to whether or not it has pleased him."

But, along with this individual variety and fighting against it, one gets the odd factor of fashion. "Literary fashion," said Isaac Disraeli, "is regulated by the same caprice with which we cock our hats and cut our clothes." The herd instinct, the taste for being like one's neighbours, works in intellectual as in external matters. Reputations rise up, dip down, with the rapidity of women's skirts. In this country we see the darlings of the Victorians becoming the despised of the Edwardians and again the pets of the post-war Georgians, the Edwardians' pets—Samuel Butler, Henry James, Meredith—have dipped into the shadows of neglect. Hardy and Conrad were until yesterday idols of literary fashion; of them young men say to-day "They bore me." Even this morning, as it were, Marcel Proust and James Joyce sailed high in the firmament; this afternoon they both dip a little westward; to-morrow, who will stand in their place? The heirs of a new literary mode despise and mock the last mode even as some people mock the costumes of a few years back.

It is a queer and interesting study, this interaction of individual taste with a mysterious herd instinct or *Zeitgeist*, or whatever we may call it, and the apparently completely unprincipled jumble thereby produced. And it is on the whole satisfactory, because even if (as seems probable) good and bad are in this sphere, as in others, merely subjective dreams, at least no facet of the curious human output we call literature is in the end neglected, and every dog has his day.

MY DEBUT IN OPERA

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

EVERYBODY is talking about the Opera, so I will talk about it too. I will begin by pointing out that I am one of the very few Saturday Reviewers who have ever appeared with the Beecham Opera Company. It is true that I was not expected to sing—though I did sing. It is also true that I played with the Company for one night only. I was not asked to appear again, but then, on the other hand, I never asked to be asked again. Once was quite enough; I have no serious operatic ambitions; and now nobody can say I have never appeared in opera just as they cannot say I have never been to Africa; I have had my night with the Beecham Opera Company just as I have had my half-day in Algiers.

The time is nine years ago, the spring of 1919. The place—a provincial city. I am newly returned from that dismal progression—heroics, endurance, boredom, disgust—known up to the present as the Great War. I am writing articles and reviews for the local paper at a guinea a column. In one of the principal streets of my city I encounter an old acquaintance of the ranks and we have what he calls, very inaccurately, "a gill." He tells me that this week he is assisting the Beecham Opera Company. I remember then that it is his practice to "walk on" at the local theatres. I myself had seen him as an Eastern domestic, a policeman, member of a jury, a forester, and as the Bishop in 'Richard the Third.' Indeed, it was a poor week at our Theatre Royal when he did not walk on as somebody or other, always dumb. Six of them, it appears, are walking on this very night in Gounod's 'Romeo and Juliet.' This is one of the few operas for which I have not booked seats. I do not want to see 'Romeo and Juliet' but I should like to appear in it. I am even willing, so eager, so rash, are we amateurs, to hand over the night's pay—the whole two and sixpence—to the man whose place I take. The matter can be arranged. I am to be at the theatre at seven-thirty, to meet my acquaintance at the stage door.

I am there and he is there, and the two of us, with a last glance at the waiting crowds, march in through the stage door. We go up steps and down steps and along so many corridors that I am completely bewildered. At last we arrive at a dressing room that is as hot as an oven—and well it might be, for it must be somewhere near the centre of the earth. The room contains one long mirror, several large theatrical baskets, an overpowering smell of grease paint, and one bored little man in his shirt-sleeves. There is a notice: *Smoking Strictly Prohibited*. We all light up at once, all, that is, except the little man, who was smoking when we entered and seems to have been smoking without cessation for about forty years. He opens one of the baskets, and begins throwing costumes at us.

I find myself wearing a yellow and black doublet or whatever it is, and one black tight and one striped yellow and black tight; and I look like a rather plump wasp. The little man takes our

faces, one by one, and rubs red and brown into them. Then we put on brown and black wigs, thick and bobbed, and crown them with little round hats, Beefeater style. To complete our discomfort—for the wigs are very hot and the hats do not feel as if they were on—we are now given pikes about eight feet long. We are, it seems, the town guard of Verona, and I have no doubt we look the part or, indeed, something better than the part. We have all been in the army, and I will wager we could have mopped up the real town guard of Verona—and Vicenza and Padua—in a jiffy. But not, I must confess, with those pikes. When an opera company as big as the Beecham concern is playing in a provincial theatre there is no room behind the scenes for a walking stick, let alone half a dozen eight-foot pikes. As we trail our pikes down steps and up steps and along corridors, we are cursed by Montagues and Capulets together. "A plague on both your houses!" we mutter, trying in vain to disentangle ourselves.

We arrive in the wings. The opera has begun, but we are not wanted for some time. To walk into that brightly lit space looks a fearsome enterprise, yet we see fellows dashing on and off and never turning a hair. Mercutio—or some other bearded gallant—waves his arms and reaches a top note, then comes out into the wings and lights a cigarette. But now we are summoned. The stage manager has remarked our existence. He is the most worried-looking man I have ever seen. Everything he does appears to be one last desperate effort. Night after night he dies a hundred deaths. Now he seizes a pike and shows us how it should be carried.

Our duties, he explains, are simple. We make two appearances. The first time we march on, we stand, we march off. Nothing could be easier, though it is clear that as he says this he does not believe we shall find it easy. He only means that if this were the world he thought it was when he first undertook stage management, it would be easy. As it is, if we were to go prancing round the stage, tearing the scenery with our pikes, he would not be really surprised. He alone is sane in a lunatic world. Now comes a big scene. More and more people crowd on to the stage and make more and more noise. At last we are the only performers left in the wings. Is it our turn now? It is. Affairs in Verona are at a crisis. There is nothing for it but to summon the town guard. But will the town guard come? They will. At this moment they are fearfully carrying their six pikes in the tiny space between the drop and the back wall of the theatre, to appear through a central arch. There we were. No applause greeted us; nobody paid much attention to us, either on the stage or in the audience; but we did what we had to do manfully. We marched on; we stood; we marched off. Half the opera was saved. Back in the wings I hear a thunder of applause, and I wonder if the audience is aiming some of it at us, if they are saying to one another, "The principals and chorus are not very good, but the town guard is magnificent, especially the third one with the black tight." What would happen if I insisted upon taking a curtain with Romeo and

Juliet? I see myself standing between them, pike in hand, bowing gracefully. What I do, however, is to retire to our subterranean dressing room with the other five. The little man is still there, sinking into a more profound boredom. He must have always been there. Perhaps the theatre was built round him.

It is almost time for our second and final appearance. We are back in the wings, and the stage manager, now far beyond hope, a man resigned to his fate in an idiotic universe, gives us our instructions. There is to be an admirable little variation in our movements. This time we have to march on, to *spread ourselves*, to stand, to march off. Before, the audience saw us in a dense mass: now, they will see us in scattered groups. No doubt there will be a great deal of talk afterwards, some people preferring us in a solid body, others delighting in the scattered effect, in which individual features, the fit of a black tight, for example, are brought into greater prominence.

Here is the second big scene—the wedding. All Verona is turning out. We see to it that our hats are not on straight, we grasp our pikes, and on we go, spreading ourselves superbly. The post of honour falls to me. I am on guard at the church door itself, actually between it and the footlights, which are not two feet away. I am standing gracefully at ease. I am also wondering what would happen if I dropped my pike, which now seems about twenty feet long. Would it brain the *cor anglais* player in the trench below? Very busy they are too, down there. I can see them all quite plainly. I can see rows of faces in the stalls and the circle. All the people in the chorus are singing now, so I join in, finding Gounod well within my powers. It is absurd perhaps that the pikeman on duty should sing, but then it is equally absurd that anybody else there should sing. The drama moves. I have a strong desire to drop my pike or alternatively to play a bigger part in the action. Why shouldn't a humble member of the town guard—the one with the black tight—suddenly become the hero of 'Romeo and Juliet'? Again, why shouldn't we pikemen take charge of the whole drama, beginning by clearing the stage? That would be a welcome diversion. What would happen if we passed a note on to the management saying that we would clear the stage with our pikes unless we were given five pounds apiece? After all, we hold the opera in the hollow of our hands. We also hold our pikes, and I for one am tired of mine. There, it is finished. At least, the real opera is finished—the pike part of it—for there is still a little for Romeo and Juliet and other minor characters to do. We return to the depths, pikes at the trail; we throw black and yellow tights and bobbed wigs at the little bored man; we wash and dress and receive our money; we depart for beer.

Such was my debut in opera. This is exactly what happened, just nine years ago. I have invented nothing; I have neither exaggerated nor embellished; yet I do not expect to be believed.

[The publishers of 'Five Deans,' by Sydney Dark, are Messrs. Jonathan Cape, not Messrs. Faber and Gwyer, as wrongly stated in our review of the book on April 28].

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

* The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
* Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE

SIR,—As a Conservative who for the last fifty years has taken a keen interest in political questions, I am amazed at the indifference with which the latest scheme for the creation and capture of votes has been received by those who describe themselves as "the Constitutional Party." The measure is not merely the biggest "leap in the dark" ever made in this country; but the implication, which was openly or tacitly accepted by all those parties during the second reading debate, that people have a right to a vote because without it they are not sure of being treated with justice, is one which is bound to have the greatest consequence, not merely for British Imperialism, but for the white man's ascendancy.

The Bill can only be justified on the ground that human beings have an inherent right to the vote, and if this principle be considered it will be impossible in the future to refuse the franchise, when demanded, to the countless millions of coloured people, whom the professional politicians will readily convince that they can only expect to be treated with justice by their White Bosses if they have a share themselves in law-making and governing. In a word, the Bill is the last nail in the coffin of Imperialism.

Another serious matter is that in seeking to place the sexes in a position of absolute equality the authors of the measure are really destroying the privileged position of woman by which the man is bound to support, maintain and defend her, and to fight for her even at the cost of life, while she, hitherto, has not been expected to run any risk whatsoever. In the future, men who do not want to fight—and the number of such is considerable—will refuse to be conscripted unless women, as their equals, take equal risks, and in practice it would be found quite impossible for the woman to vote for the man to fight and refuse to go herself.

I am, etc.,

Scarcroft, near Leeds

C. F. RYDER

THE ANGLO-CATHOLICS AND THEIR PROTESTANT FRIENDS

SIR,—The fortunes of the Anglo-Catholics, as an Ecclesiastical Party, were, a little while ago, at a very low ebb. Their long-continued advance had at last been checked, and seemed likely to be permanently stayed. The abnormal conditions which, ever since the failure of the Public Worship Regulation Act half a century ago, had made the Anglo-Catholics the spoilt children of religion, appeared certain to be brought to an abrupt and permanent close. The principles of the Church of England so long forgotten and so often defied seemed about to assert themselves at last.

Help came to the Anglo-Catholics from an unexpected quarter. The Free Church Council decided to oppose the measure which had been devised to restore discipline. The Church Association also decided to oppose the Re-revised Prayer Book. Finally the Home Secretary, who had dealt the party its shrewdest blow, resolved to let the Romanizers out of the trap in which he had caught them. The friends of the Church of England now see in the Free Church Council, and the Church Association, the staunchest allies of the Romanizers. They find that after all Geneva is nearer to Rome than to Canterbury. They have long been accustomed to fight on two fronts but they find now that the disciples of Calvin have joined hands with the adherents of the counter-Reformation.

As they gird up their loins for the final struggle so pregnant with issues little understood, they bethink them sadly that the Church of England is wounded in the house of her friends; and that if Romanizing continues unchecked, it will be because the Romanizers have been rescued by the Protestants. The Archbishop of Canterbury's policy, the policy of the Re-revised Prayer Book, is justly dreaded by the Anglo-Catholics. They know very well that that measure, if it is passed, will check the Romanizing propaganda. How grateful must they feel to the Free Church Council, the Church Association, and the Home Secretary!

I am, etc.,

Emsworth, Hants

C. POYNTZ SANDERSON

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—Your Willenhall correspondent in his letter on the attitude of the Press to murder cases mentions Samuel Butler. But surely nobody takes 'Erewhon' with its twaddle about "moral straightness" and its amazing assertion that ill-health is more culpable than crime, seriously.

Far more important than your correspondent's complaint is the unconscionable delay that now takes place between sentence and execution, chiefly owing to these abortive appeals. The slow sipping of the gall is the only thing for which I pity criminals. I can think of one case alone in which delayed execution would have prevented a miscarriage of justice—the supposed murder of Harrison, steward to Lady Campden, on August 16, 1660—and then it would have had to be a delay of years, not of weeks as now. He was kidnapped by the press-gang.

It is safe to say that nothing transpires after a trial that has not transpired before. Recently there was a great sensation because the Home Office ordered a case to be re-heard by the Appeal Court. All it amounted to was that a wicked girl of 17 was prepared to commit perjury to save a worthless brother by laying his monstrous and unnatural crime of murder to the account of her own father.

I am, etc.,

ARCHIBALD GIBBS

111 Packington Street, Islington, N.1

IN MEMORY OF PITT

SIR,—Will you permit us, as you have so often permitted others, to make an appeal in honour of the memory of great Englishmen—an appeal which seems to us worthy of public support?

On May 11, 1778, 150 years ago, the "Great Commoner," the Earl of Chatham, died at Hayes in Kent, in the house which he had built. Hayes had been his home since 1774—during those great years of his Ministry which made him "the first Englishman of his time, and made England the first country in the world." From Hayes he sent Wolfe to Quebec and the ships of this island to their mastery of the seas. It was at Hayes in 1759 that the younger Pitt was born—the Minister who, "placing much dependence on his colleagues, placed still more dependence on himself," and by his policy preserved England in the crisis of the Napoleonic Wars. Under Chatham, as Edmund Burke finely wrote, "for the first time administration and popularity were soon united. He supported our allies, he extended our trade, he raised our reputation and augmented our Dominions." He was the minister given by the people to the king. Under the younger Pitt England was enabled to save herself by her exertions and to save England by her example. Under both these statesmen "this island seemed to balance the rest of Europe."

We believe that Englishmen both here and overseas still desire to honour the "talents, virtues and services of the elder and the younger Pitt." Yet to neither of them is there any memorial in Hayes, their

favourite home. In the registers of the church are the records of the baptism of Chatham's elder sons, John and William and the marriage of his daughter Hester with Viscount Mahon, afterwards the third Earl Stanhope. The village and the village church are still much as Chatham saw them. The park which he planted with so much care will soon cease to exist; it is mapped out for building. The fate of the dignified house is uncertain.

On this 150th anniversary of the death of the elder Pitt we appeal for donations to raise a sum of £350 to place in Hayes church a suitable memorial to include medallion portraits of father and son. The work is being entrusted to Mr. Allan G. Wyon, F.R.B.S. Donations may be sent to either of the Hon. Treasurers, Lord Stanley and Mr. R. G. Barnes, Baston House, Hayes, Kent.

We are, etc.,

CAMDEN (Lord Lieutenant of Kent),

H. PERCY THOMPSON (Rector of Hayes and Hon. Canon of Rochester),

R. G. BARNES,

MARK COLLET,

FLORA FARDELL,

A. C. NORMAN,

STANHOPE,

STANLEY.

WHITE'S 'SELBORNE'

SIR,—I have read with horror your reviewer's savage attack on my 'White's "Selborne" for Boys and Girls,' for it is so vicious as to suggest that an enemy hath done this thing, which God forbid. I cannot believe that any book published by Messrs. Blackwell of Oxford could merit such unrestrained abuse. The book is obviously a challenging one, as *The Times* said in a first review (graciously adding, "Mr. Marcus Woodward has produced a beautiful book") and is open to the charge of "Bowdlerization" of which your critic makes so much. It was to be expected that your reviewer might push that home, but I think he might have done so a little more courteously.

I could put up some defence against some eight or nine of the more implicit fault-findings, but it is harder to counter sweeping statements and covert suggestions—as, for example, that I am not acquainted with the way in which wheatears were trapped on the Sussex Downs in the old days—I, who was born and bred on those Downs, and live under Wolstonbury Beacon, and have talked so long and so often with the shepherds of the old school. The unkindest cut is to describe the notes I have written for this edition as baby-talk. I affirm that no impartial literary critic would say this is fair criticism, and could call a cloud of witnesses to the contrary. May I, in all diffidence, call one—the reviewer of the *Schoolmaster*, whose kindly review of my book appeared two days before your attack? He said, "Mr. Woodward's own literary style by association seems to approximate to White's—a high but deserved compliment." I disclaim this, but it shows there may be two opinions about the question of style.

I am, etc.,

Hurstpierpoint

MARCUS WOODWARD

THE FASCIST DICTATORSHIP

SIR,—It is my duty and pleasure to thank you very much for the fair review on my book, which your paper published in its issue of April 28. You gave as accurate and correct a summary of my work as I might ever have wished for. The tradition of English fair play is not a dead world for your reviewer. What a difference with other papers!

I am, etc.,

G. SALVEMINI

20 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1

THE THEATRE

DAN CUPID

BY IVOR BROWN

Four People. By Miles Malleon. St. Martin's Theatre.
Mud and Treacle. By Benn Levy. Globe Theatre.
London's Grand Guignol. Little Theatre.

MR. MALLESON and I have some notions in common about first and last things: at least, so I gather as I watch and listen to his various plays. We both of us want people to be happy, in which desire we are somewhat lonely. Most of those who have any positive views about the universe want their fellows to be virtuous or victorious, to be sons of a mighty Empire or fathers of vast families, to be fiercely Conservative or fiercely Communist; in other words, to be the slave of some system and the meek units of some authoritarian institution. Mr. Malleon always gives me the impression of disliking institutions and caring about individuals. He does not want to dictate and to boom away about sacred ties and the wickedness of this and that. He wants people to choose for themselves, and so to choose that they will have a pleasant time in their little sojourn on this speck of star-dust. It does not seem much to ask, but it is more than the mob of propagandists and up-lifters and viewers-with-alarm and other fussy bullies will allow.

In 'The Fanatics' Mr. Malleon discussed the case for what is technically known as companionate marriage. Holding that spirit into system won't go, he now shows how the system may work when uncompanionate union is given all the social force of a sacred obligation. Maurice Woldingham in 'Four People' is denied a divorce by his wife, who has long ceased to live with him. She has religious views about marriage, and makes her husband the victim of her principles. A remark is inserted by Mr. Malleon which implies that, if people are going to be thus selfish and intolerant, it is some excuse that they do it in a fit of faith instead of in a fit of spite. Personally I think that cruelty based on passion is less bestial than cruelty on principle; but let that pass. Maurice particularly wants to be divorced because he is in love with Evelyn Stafford, a lady who is sufficiently apprehensive of the social machine to subject her real passion for Maurice to a nervous but unrelenting demand for a regularized marriage. Maurice, compelled to despair of Evelyn, is contemplating as a substitute Jill Chitterman, a young girl lodging with Eve, and Jill is in turn sought by an amiable young scientist called Ballantyne. All four are decent, well-intentioned folk whose natural pursuit of happiness has been turned into common exasperation and despair by the tyranny of system. Maurice's wife and Maurice's friend are both in bondage to authority in a matter which is essentially private. And that, both dramatically and philosophically, is the root of the matter. None but a scatter-brained anarchist objects to authority as such. What matters is the introduction of authority into purely individual concerns and the sacrifice of spirit to system which inevitably follows.

Mr. Malleon would have been well advised to amplify his play. He is unnecessarily frightened of being argumentative, and has left as a brief little stage-story what might have grown into a substantial drama of intellectual conflict. 'Four People' is a discussion-play with the discussion left out. The cause of all the trouble, Maurice's wife, never appears at all. Surely her case ought to have been fully stated and her attitude defended, if defence could be found. Again, Evelyn's refusal to accept Maurice without legal marriage, a refusal which is withering and wasting her whole life, demands a fuller explana-

tion of her subservience to authority. She is apparently an intelligent woman and financially independent; her intense devotion to Maurice is unquestioned. Yet she will sacrifice everything for the formal permit of a parson or a registrar. The dramatic conflict implicit in Evelyn's conduct should be made explicit. The play may be criticized for the extreme improbability inherent in Maurice's simultaneous courtship of two women living in the same house and totally ignorant of the situation. But I would not bother about that if only Mr. Malleon had prosecuted his examination of authority more thoroughly. He is our theatrical gossamer of happiness and toleration, and his plays, if he is constant to that gospel, will be none the worse "theatre." The four people are presented with discretion and sincerity by Miss Laura Cowie, Miss Marjorie Mars, Mr. Leon Quartermaine and Mr. Raymond Massey.

Mr. Levy returns to what he has already termed "this woman business." What alarms him is not the social oppressions but the emotion itself. His chief character is one Solomon Jack, a Socialist don who has abandoned, as others before him, the dreaming spires of Oxford for the looming smoke-stacks of North Staffordshire in order to broaden the basis of his educative energies. Coming to a country-house and leading a Staffordshire miner as a district visitor who wants to see how the rich live, he finds himself in danger of loving a vivacious little flirt called Polly Andrews. In any case life at Mr. Pretty's is going to be troublesome, since it contains a young gentleman who has married a barmaid in haste and is repenting amid the rockeries and rose-gardens, the ex-barmaid herself who sits in a continuous fit of genteel sulks, a glossy hunting-man who bitterly resents Mr. Jack's confusion of Horseback Hall with Toynbee Hall, and one of those dreadful stage-butchers who turn out to be the polymath in the pantry. A queer lot, particularly as the Staffordshire miner behaves so much like a pert little Cockney in a farce that the only explanation of him is that he walked down the Old Kent Road to the new Kent coalfield and thence carried coals to Newcastle-under-Lyme.

Solomon Jack, seized by the love-god, becomes the more exclamatory as he becomes the more inflamed. "I thought love had been a joyous thing," quoth my Uncle Toby. But not in the Song of this Solomon, who believes the course of true love to be flowing with a muddy and a treacherous ooze. According to him, great men of action have been sensual or ascetic; they have never been lovers in the romantic sense. So what is he to do, a busy man with a full autumn curriculum in Staffordshire before him? To be curtly informative, he passes from melancholy to violence and strangles the lady to avoid embracing her. Strange things have been done for love and intellectuals do lose their intelligence. Any textbook of sexual psychology will yield examples of delirious eccentricity. The question is not whether man's last mania is possible but whether there is any matter in his madness. I certainly found him better company than the comedians who go simpering into the wrong bedroom two nights out of the critic's seven. This may be only to confess that a play with crude or even crazy ideas is better than a play with none at all. Mr. Levy has at least packed his play tight with an astonishing assortment of unlikely characters, tactical blunders, good and bad epigrams, wild wisdom and wilder unwisdom, verbal battle, mental murder, and the actuality of sudden death. Some of it may make you squirm, but you are unlikely to stop listening. Moreover, Miss Taffulah Bankhead acts extremely well as the ruin of Solomon Jack, who has, on his side, the engaging personality and firm grip of Mr. Nicholas Hannen, and Miss

Mabel Terry-Lewis makes the epigrams rattle. Mr. Robert Harris refuses to succumb in a dreadful part, and the sulks of Miss Ursula Jeans are masterly. Mr. Dean may not have picked a winning number, but he has certainly done his best for his choice.

Grand Guignol appears again, and once more, by order of the Censor, the poor actors must fight with the gloves on. What is the good of drama red in tooth and claw if the claw is covered up in a conjurer's cloth? The whole point about 'After Death,' for instance, is that you ought to see the severed head of the guillotined man come alive under electrical treatment and announce its innocence. As the censor insists that the head shall not be seen and the tortured eyes shall not roll their agony across the stage, the play becomes much ado about nothing in a napkin. Of course we can use our imagination, but the whole point of Grand Guignol is that it aims at the real, messy, unimaginative thing on the Elizabethan lines of 'Out, vile jelly.' Sir Arthur Pinero contributes a sentimental episode about two ancient lovers of irreproachable morality who have been taking a private room at a modish restaurant once a year in order to discuss their unhappy innocence which has lasted for forty years. As thus portrayed, the couple might be billed as "Older than all the Forsytes." The best feature of the bill is Mr. Maltby's melodramatic sketch, 'Something More Important,' in which "good theatre" is made to talk good sense. The murderers escape while the police are fiddling about with a raid on a night-club. The Home Secretary has recently been describing his constant love of play-going. Let him attend to Mr. Maltby.

MUSIC

STRAVINSKY'S 'ŒDIPUS REX'

THE B.B.C. have once more stepped in where others have failed to tread. There may not have been much to say in favour of their production of Schönberg's 'Gurrelieder' at enormous expense many years after the work had lost its interest as a novelty, because having lost that, it had lost nearly everything that made it worth while. But there is a great deal to be said for their courage in giving two performances of Stravinsky's new oratorio, while it is still hot in the mouth. For, whatever may be thought of the work twenty-five years hence—I take a period comparable to that which has elapsed since the 'Gurrelieder' first took shape—there is no question of its prime interest to musicians to-day. It was the more unfortunate that circumstances prevented the performance being given publicly, so that the concert-going public, as distinct from the listening-in public, might have had the opportunity of hearing the work at first hand, instead of through the medium of the microphone. But, if I make this complaint, it is only in order to urge the B.B.C. to repeat the work, now that it has been learnt by the singers and orchestra, at one of their Queen's Hall concerts, or, better still, to arrange for its dramatic presentation in accordance with the composer's ideas.

'Œdipus Rex' is styled an "oratorio-opera." In form it is related to the oratorio of Handel, as exemplified in 'Semele' or 'Solomon.' It is intended to be acted upon a stage in a stiff and stylized convention, which has nothing in common with that of the normal opera. The chorus resumes its place in the orchestra, where it belonged in the days of Sophocles. In addition there is a narrator, whose function is that of the narrator in the Passions of J. S. Bach, though he speaks instead of singing in recitative. The use of a speaking voice to tell the story was made also in another modern oratorio,

Honegger's 'King David,' another remarkable work for whose performance in England we are indebted to the B.B.C. Stravinsky has been more skilful than Honegger in his use of the speaking voice, though I think he had less need to use it, since like the Greek tragedians he might have presumed a knowledge of the legend of Œdipus in the audience, which could, unlike the Athenians, have been posted in the facts by a programme-note. The reason why the spoken word was unsatisfactory in 'King David' was, I think, that it was used to bridge over the change of emotional situation between one piece of music and the next. It was thereby expected to fulfil a function which music itself could alone effectively fulfil. Stravinsky, or perhaps I should say Jean Cocteau, the author of the text, does not commit this mistake. His narrator merely states facts. Once, indeed, he mis-stated them, when he announced that we were about to hear the famous messenger's speech, whereas all the messenger did was to repeat four words several times, while the chorus carried on with the description of Jocasta's death and the self-mutilation of Œdipus. But that was only a bit of M. Cocteau's naive fun.

The text of the oratorio is in Latin, and consists very largely of the reiteration of short phrases, slightly varied, as for example (from Kreon's speech):

Laium ulcisci, ulcisci,
Scelus ulcisci;
Laium, Laium ulcisci, ulcisci,
Laium ulcisci,
Scelus ulcisci, scelus ulcisci,
Scelus, scelus Laium, Laium ulcisci, etc.

Anyone who is at all familiar with the idiom of Stravinsky's later music (from 'Le Sacre du Printemps' onwards) will realize at once that these brief ejaculations, repeated and varied, are the exact literary counterpart of that style. Those who, furthermore, have followed the composer's pronouncements upon the theory of music will understand why he has chosen not only to use a Latin text, but to disregard completely in his setting of the words all considerations of syllabic quantity and accent. The words are used merely as the vehicle for vocal music, without regard to their pronunciation or individual meaning as words, though the composer has not, as some of his utterances might have led us to expect, entirely disregarded the emotional content of the phrases in his setting of them. If Stravinsky's procedure is not altogether defensible, since it may be held that a restriction to the syllabic values of the words may exercise a healthy restraint upon music, at least he has not committed the absurdity of carrying his theory to its logical conclusion, as Arthur Bliss did when he wrote a voice-part in a concerto, the words of which were intended to be devoid of meaning, though in practice it was found impossible to divorce them from their normal associations.

Thanks to the courtesy of the B.B.C., I heard the performance at Savoy Hill through the medium of an excellent loud-speaker, which seemed to be free from faults of distortion, and indeed made certain familiar voices sound vastly better than when I have heard them in the opera-house or concert-hall. The only trouble was that the voices were out of proportion to the orchestral background, so that for the most part of the work it was difficult to make out what was happening in the accompaniment. Nevertheless, the work produced a strong emotional effect. Whether this effect is mainly musical is a question for argument. I did not feel that 'Les Noces,' for example, was either music or ballet in the accepted sense of the words; yet I cannot deny that it produced a definite effect, which was obtained by the action of rhythm upon the senses, or perhaps I should say upon the nervous system. It is this suspicion that the effect is of a physical nature, and not one that is achieved

through a mental stimulus, that makes me question whether these works of Stravinsky's are great as music. They may be great as something else, which I have no space here to attempt to define. I would only add that I had a similar feeling about parts of Berlioz's 'Requiem'—another of our debts to the B.B.C.

Though I cannot enter into the wider æsthetic problem, I should like to indicate the nature of the work which has raised it in my mind. As I have already indicated, Stravinsky's music consists of short broken phrases. I have seen it suggested that he has taken Handel as his model for the music as well as for the form of the work. I cannot see it. He does, indeed, make use of contrapuntal devices, but since these are never sustained for more than a few bars together, there is none of the onward flow, which is characteristic of the Handelian style. Everywhere there are short, sharp phrases, and the rhythmic emphasis is always vertical, never horizontal. It is true that the solos are cast in the form of airs, but again there is no onward flow from one phrase to the next. The sole possible exception is the duet between *Œdipus* and *Jocasta*, one of the finest things in the work, which, however, recalled that effective trick of Puccini's, when he works up a climax by repeating a phrase again and again until it beats upon the hearer's brain as something full of horror—again an action upon the nerves. Whatever doubts one may have about the bulk of the work, I think there is no question that the final chorus, wherein the crowd says farewell to the departing *Œdipus*, is true music. Nothing is more surprising than the depth of tenderness which Stravinsky suddenly displays here, and I can think of nothing in his previous music, which is comparable with it. The end of 'Petrouchka' is moving in a queer, macabre way, but this has deep tragic feeling. And the effect is obtained by genuinely musical means and not by the physical action of rhythm upon the nervous system. H.

ART

AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY

MR. WILLIAM S. HORTON shows here a series of pictures called 'The Bathers' and with refreshing versatility turns for a time yearly from abstract landscape of sun, snow and cloud to the rhythmical movement of crowded figures on sandy beaches. These, at once intensely modern, form an intricate harmony in light, colour and movement; contrast of the most invigorating type.

Mr. Horton shows that through the medium of tempera he can produce colour chords of exceptional vitality and freshness. The sprightliness of colour seems rather remarkable when one remembers that tempera is the oldest known painting material long ante-dating oils. These gay groups of bathers full of swinging rhythms form an essentially animated ensemble where the spontaneity of water-colour with the depth of oils is often the happy combination that is reached in this tempera work.

Mr. Horton has created a new world on the beaches and one sees nothing in these animated scenes of the customary bathing pictures. 'Twere unmannerly to compare his figures with paintings of Cézanne, for no robust, nature-loving Englishman ever contemplates those limbs of Cézanne's figures with any real pleasure.

Sunlight and breeze sweep these pictures which never attempt to be more than decorative and as decoration they are vigorous and full of easy jollity. In the 'Bacchanale' a kind of classic humour invests the gambols, while that entitled 'The Bathers' is a triptych of resplendent colour. There are also some attractive snow landscapes and flower pictures, among these the 'Venetian Bouquet' and 'Bouquet Printanier' show a great love and appreciation of flowers.

G. H. P

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—116

SET BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best accurate translations of the following, the opening passage of Anatole France's 'Le Christ de l'Océan,' not merely into English but into English prose. Competitors need not, unless they wish, attempt to reproduce the style of the original.

En cette année-là, plusieurs de ceux de Saint-Valéry, qui étaient allés à la pêche, furent noyés dans la mer. On trouva leurs corps roulés par le flot sur la plage avec les débris de leurs barques, et l'on vit pendant neuf jours, sur la route montueuse qui mène à l'église, des cercueils portés à bras et que suivaient des veuves pleurant, sous leur grande cape noire, comme des femmes de la Bible.

Le patron Jean Lenoël et son fils Désiré furent ainsi déposés dans la grande nef, sous la voûte où ils avaient suspendu naguère, en offrande à Notre-Dame, un navire avec tous ses agrès. C'étaient des hommes justes et qui craignaient Dieu. Et M. Guillaume Truphème, curé de Saint-Valéry, ayant donné l'absoute, dit d'une voix mouillée de larmes: —Jamais ne furent portés en ferre sainte, pour y attendre le jugement de Dieu, plus braves gens et meilleurs chrétiens que Jean Lenoël et son fils Désiré.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem, in not more than twelve lines, addressed to the portrait of an ancestress, real or imagined, of the writer.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 116a, or LITERARY 116b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Friday, May 25, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of June 2.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 114

SET BY J. B. MORTON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a dramatic criticism, in not more than 300 words, of the first appearance of the Danish players, in a Danish play, in Danish. The critic does not understand a word, but feels that the occasion is important.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a four-line epigram on a delicious Hock, drunk in a cool garden, by a stream, on a summer day.

We have received the following report from Mr. J. B. Morton, with which we agree, and have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. MORTON

114A. The readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW know their dramatic criticism. Nearly all the entries for this competition contained phrases which the critics use over and over again. In fact, my complaint is that too many competitors stuck so close to their models that the result was more often an efficient imitation than a parody with imagination in it. I had thought that the recent criticisms of the Moscow players would suggest more than one humorous way of treating the subject, but I was a little disappointed. Two competitors, N. A. Davies and H. A. L. Cockerell, reproduced faithfully the quips, the arrogance and the chatter of a critic who probably would have called his notice, as they did, "A Great Dane," or "Danish Delight." ("What is it all about?" asked Louis Lichtenstein II, after 'The Caterwaul' on Wednesday. "I don't know," I replied, "but it's great stuff.") Non Omnia's "The spiritual heirs of Hamlet present a play before the people that bred Shakespeare" is not impossible. Miss Fletcher's "In order to understand the Danish players we must endeavour to see them as a whole" is most probable. G. Stewart's talk of "Fresh angles of vision, new themes," and so on, and his pseudo-learned essay, dragging in names, contained a promise that was not fulfilled. But why did nobody make play with Holberg?

As an example of the efficient imitation I print Gordon Daviot's criticism. For second prize I recommend Charles Moore; the closing words of his second paragraph could not be better, and "clear-cut insight" is a joy. For first prize I nominate P. R. Laird. "Significant," as he uses it, is superb. So is his explanation of the plot.

FIRST PRIZE

"Brenda Adverb," the Danish play given last night at the Commonwealth Theatre by the Danish players, is notable for subtlety of treatment even in this age of subtlety—so much so that even with the full documentation provided for the audience the story was at times difficult to follow in detail.

I hope that this will not have a deterrent effect on playgoers, for there is no doubt that "Brenda Adverb" is a thing to see. Even those who do not understand the language will follow the main lines of the story, because the superb acting of the players is always significant. There is, indeed, a whole world's difference between their technique and that of our actors. We have so nourished in recent years the reaction against the "grand" tradition that we forget what merits that tradition had. We should soon remember it if we had seen some of our own "stars" in the Danes' shoes at the Commonwealth.

Briefly, the theme concerns the diverse effects of a common catastrophe on the varying tangles in which the characters are implicated. More than this it would be unfair to say. So far as I know, the theme is a novel one, and needless to say the audience will find little in the production to remind them of "Hamlet's" Denmark.

Erda Adre interpreted the part of Brenda with great sympathy and insight. Henrik Nilssen was perhaps a little subdued in tone—one did not feel the story in him to the same extent as in others—but was nevertheless extremely good. Beyond these two, who sustained the principal rôles, distinction would be invidious, since all were more than competent.

P. R. LAIRD

SECOND PRIZE

Last night witnessed an event of artistic importance of the first order, the inception of a cycle of Danish plays played by Danish actors in Danish. For a season London has the chance of appreciating Danish Drama in all its rugged strength, unmarred by the translator's pen.

They chose for their first play 'Das Grossetul,' by Dokter Pedersen: a wiser choice could hardly have been made. The play deals with life in a middle-class Danish household of to-day, and the audience carried away with it a vivid impression of Danish bourgeois life, with all its intense nationalism, its wild sympathy, its innate charm and its real characterization.

The second act, which lasted for a little over an hour, took place (as did the other two acts) in the sitting-room of a Danish house. Thanks to the strong personality of Kristiern Bismuth, the dominant forcefulness of Sven Jansen and the charming grace of Sigfrid Knütt, we received a clear-cut insight into Danish life as seen by Pedersen. The final curtain at the end of the long last act was an artistic *tour de force*.

The play was produced by Otto Krooneveldt in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. The reception was subdued.

CHARLES MOORE

COMMENDED

No more significant event has occurred in the theatre during the last decade than the appearance of the Danish players at the National Theatre last night. This little group has given to acting a universality which has hitherto been the prerogative of painting and the visual arts in general. Their appeal is not to a cultured section, to the high-brow members of the theatre-going public but to humanity, and the enthusiastic reception accorded them last night from all parts of the house was a finer compliment in the circumstances than any critic can pay to them. The comedy presented was Danish in subject—the theme was the projected marriage of the daughter of a farm on the Danish coast, the rival suitors being a sailor and a swineherd—and Danish in treatment; but the stuff of comedy is world-old, and the acting was of a kind, at once subtle and robust, which made not only the action but the motive for it clear to our sympathies. It needs no interpreter to translate the meaning of an inflexion in Miss Paulsen's charming voice, to explain to us the significance of her involuntary, half-finished gestures. Her pauses are fraught with more eloquence than many speeches, and it is not too much to say that the audience held its breath during these pauses, so captivated was it by this triumph of acting. And what is true of Miss Paulsen is true of the whole company. This is not mime; it is the combination of word and gesture to make acting that is little short of perfection. Those who do not go to the National in the next fortnight will have my pity even more than my despatch.

GORDON DAVIOT

114B. The entries for this competition were singularly uninteresting. "Post hock" and "propter hock" were, I suppose, inevitable. H. R. G. would have none of your classical severity:

A dream is life. Down, down my throat
Flow on for ever, like the stream:
For, "life is not," if we may quote
(Italics ours), "an empty dream."

And I cannot bring myself to believe that Hartley Carrick's "No hiccup in a hock-cup" will give us an alluring picture of that lovely garden by the stream. I think Michael Holland is unchallenged, and I put him forward for the first prize. *Faute de mieux*, and without enthusiasm, I suggest Lavengro for the second prize. Will he send his address to the Editor?

FIRST PRIZE

This Hock, this Vintage Hock of Twenty One
Sipped by a stream, beneath the summer sun,
Full paid, indeed, is War's Indemnity;
Leb 'hoch! Du alte Treuer!—once a Hun.

MICHAEL HOLLAND

SECOND PRIZE

Did Cowper's poplars fling a blander shade—
Did sweeter airs from Omar's roses drift—
What old-world fount with gentler whispers played—
Could rare Falernian match the Rhineland's gift?

LAVENGRO

BACK NUMBERS—LXXIII

IN almost every generation there is one man who gives up to ephemeral work talents that would have earned him conspicuous success in literature. R. A. M. Stevenson, noted as a talker even in the era of Whistler and Wilde, and a brilliant journalist, survives only as a legend in his cousin's tribute to 'Spring-heeled Jack' and in one of the finest pages ever written by Mr. Wells and in the memory of a few now old men. Of a great still-living critic of art there will remain, it seems, no more than certain unforgettable dicta. And it may very well be that of Barry Pain there will be for the next generation little more than a dim memory of a writer who, in late Victorian and in Edwardian days, entertained the ordinary public. But, for all that, Barry Pain was a writer, in the sense in which writers use that word. When he chose to work seriously, he proved himself the possessor of imagination, of a sense of style, and of a peculiar vein of wistfulness. At times also he showed that he could handle horror, not as those who exploit it for the addicts to sensational stories.

* * *

It was his good and evil fortune to make a success early in life with a volume of light stories. Thereafter he had a check, for the first of the 'Eliza' series, with every promise of appeal to the general reader, was declined by publisher after publisher. When it appeared, and was cordially welcomed by all sorts of people, publishers ceased to doubt. Thenceforth Barry Pain was urged to write, not only more volumes about Eliza and her ingeniously invented consort, that pompous and futile and not unamiable tyrant of a little home, but also every sort of light story or sketch dealing with the trivial comedies of urban and suburban lower and middle-class domestic life. To Eliza succeeded Mrs. Murphy; and there were bus conductors, in the days when they had character and not merely good characters, and servants, and babies, and all those people whom Ruskin, alluding to a George Eliot novel, described as the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus. Now and then he turned from this work or amusement to write a parody, and his skit on 'An Englishwoman's Love-Letters' was in its days a huge success. But that other Barry Pain, the writer of some of the best short stories of an epoch rich in them, was swamped by the popular humorist.

* * *

Even so he might have had his due, by asserting his claims to serious consideration; but he was not of those who demand to be taken quite seriously. W. E. Henley, admiring his best work ardently, had urged him to seriousness, to an attack on the small public that cares for art and humanity in its fiction; but Barry Pain was content to do the day's work for the wages and the fun of it. His light and mostly small books multiplied; the serious stories were obscured by the mass of facetious, scarcely ever quite cheap stuff, and even when he wrote an excellent little book on the short story he was so unpretentious that hardly anyone bothered to ask whether he was more than a facile and intelligent jester.

* * *

The few who disregard labels, and look simply at the facts of a man's work, knew that he was. So also did a few friends, who, meeting him once a week at his club, knew him for an acute and suggestive and amusing critic of character and of the literary fashions

of the day. That face, years ago very like the face to-day of a certain highly successful auctioneer, and that massive figure, and that pungency in comment on contemporary tendencies, declared to them a man far more intellectual and formidable than the creator of Eliza and the 'bus conductor. They strove at his club, I have been told, for the privilege of sitting near him; but this private enthusiasm had no effect whatever on the general body of readers. For these last he was simply a humorist, superior in dexterity to almost all his rivals.

* * *

At long last, apparently too late, he did publish a selection of his finest stories, but the applause these had from a few critics was of no real use to Barry Pain. The label had been affixed to him: he was a writer of humorous and straightforward stories and sketches, whose work might be found in any popular periodical, and that was all he was. Now and then someone lifted up a voice to proclaim that he was, in his way, an artist, capable of doing very well indeed things such as hardly any popular contemporary ever even aimed at doing; but the public had made up its mind, and was not to be affected by such proclamations. "What," it cried, "would you take away our Barry Pain and give us a semi-highbrow author of the same name?"

* * *

And he, for his part, would do nothing. A few years ago, in pursuance of petty propaganda on behalf of my betters, I induced a publisher to ask him for his autobiography. Tempting royalties were dangled before him; he was invited to take himself, as he was entitled to do, quite seriously, without prejudice to any humour that might bubble up; he was told that he was asked to write of himself as a man of letters, not as an esteemed public jester. And he replied that he could not write of himself in that vein, or at all while words of his might hurt still living people.

* * *

This paper was of those which took his best work at its true value. Not quite always! With some sorrow I record that in September, 1897, the SATURDAY said of 'The Octave of Claudius': "Mr. Pain's novel has many merits, but it has one fatal defect. It deals with lunatics." It is so many years since I read the book that I will not attempt to controvert the short review point by point; but I will say that to describe Barry Pain as having "some talent" was absurd.

* * *

It was, however, the sort of absurdity that is always being perpetrated. Many years ago a fine critic was rebuked for taking the music-hall in a sense seriously, for leaving out the "e" in "artistes." Others have been rebuked for regarding Dobson as a poet instead of only a singularly accomplished writer of light verse. For most people, it seems, some damaging association clings to Watteau; and as for the great comic draughtsmen! To descend from such heights, there obtains among us in England a notion that style is to be found only in the most long-visaged cultivators of it, and that he who jests frequently and about everyday subjects has put himself beyond consideration as a writer. How this notion is to be got rid of I do not know. At the moment I can only suggest the mild corrective of reading a volume of the serious stories of Barry Pain.

STET.

REVIEWS

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Salammbô. By Gustave Flaubert. Translated, with an Introduction, by Ben Ray Redman, and illustrated by Mahlon Blaine. Chapman and Hall. 21s.

THERE probably never has been in all the history of literature a man more portentous in authorship than Gustave Flaubert, and he was at his most portentous during the period of over five years which he devoted to the composition of '*Salammbô*.' Somewhat disconcerted by the prosecution of '*Madame Bovary*,' he had declared that he would never publish anything again. But from this resolve (which, in any case, he could not, any more than another author, have kept) he was seduced by a flattering suggestion from *La Presse* that he should write a serial. Serials were not, even in the golden age of the world, usually commissioned five years in advance, and we may presume that Charles Edmond, who made the suggestion, was not perfectly acquainted with the spirit in which Flaubert approached his work. But the result was '*Salammbô*,' which we have here newly translated and illustrated.

I fear that this edition does not inspire me with enthusiasm. The binding and general style suggest that it is intended for use as a school prize, a use, however, to which I am quite certain it will never be put. The translation is not easy to judge, the printer having apparently taken an unwarranted hand in it. I find a difficulty in the passage which describes Hamilcar's stocktaking of his estate after his return to Carthage. "Speak the truth!" he cries. "I wish to know all that I have lost, to the last shekel, to the last cab!" I have not referred to the original to discover precisely what Hamilcar did say, but though the Carthaginian merchant-princes carried on many commercial enterprises I am unable to believe that the Suffete kept either a livery-stable or a garage. As for the illustrations, they are scratchy and unimpressive. They fail completely to achieve the effect of horror at which they aim.

Nevertheless one must not cavil at an occasion for reading again a book the fame of which might be thought to have justified the pains its author bestowed on it. His labour is graphically described by Mr. Redman. He appealed to the Rouen Museum of Natural History for a list of plants that might have been seen in Hamilcar's garden. He read "a four-hundred page quarto on the pyramidal cypress, because there were cypresses in the court of the temple of Astarte." Three or four months after he had taken up the subject, he had read and made extracts from ninety-eight volumes. A year later he said that he would be ready to begin writing in a month. It was not, apparently, until November, 1858, that he actually set pen to paper. There is something both laughable and characteristic in the fact that it took him all this time and research to come to the conclusion that it might be desirable to go and look at the site of Carthage for himself. This, after many hesitations and delays, he did in 1859. Then the labour of composition began in real earnest, and at last, in 1862, the book appeared. As Mr. Redman says: "Even to-day there are critics who ask: 'Is "*Salammbô*" worthy of the immense effort and talent that produced it?'"

There are, indeed, and I am not ashamed to be among them. The book does seem to have acquired a sort of imperishable fame and that not merely among the furtive schoolboys who read it in translations even less inviting than this and are disappointed. It has

classified itself among the books that must be read, and apparently no one who wishes to have a general understanding of the culture of modern Europe can escape it. But, when all is said and done, it is more of a portent or a monument than a book. What, in the first place, is it really about? Flaubert began by intending that its title should be '*Carthage*' and in the conception thus indicated there were some possibilities of grandeur, which, indeed, he has partly realized. Victor Hugo assured him that he had "resuscitated a vanished world," and this, if it were feasible, would be worth doing. Sometimes he comes very close to it, as in the opening of the seventh chapter, which describes the return of Hamilcar Barca to Carthage. This episode is a triumph of the historical imagination. A ship is signalled, approaching the distressed city. Presently she is recognized as the trireme of Hamilcar. She rounds the promontory, the Suffete himself is recognized, and the people cry out to him as she passes along the mole into the harbour:

He made no response, as if the clamour of the oceans and the din of battles had completely deafened him. But as the vessel came under the stairway which descended from the Acropolis, Hamilcar raised his head, crossed his arms, and looked at the temple of Eschmoûn. He gazed still higher, up into the dome of the pure sky, and in a harsh tone cried out an order to his sailors. The trireme bounded through the water. She grazed the idol set up at the corner of the pier to ward off storms; and into the merchant port, full of filth, splinters of wood, and fruit-rinds, she crowded, ripping open the sides of vessels moored to piles ending in crocodiles' jaws.

The people hastened to follow the ship. Some excitedly plunged into the water and swam alongside of her. Soon the galley reached the head of the port, before the formidable gate, bristling with spikes. The gate lifted, to allow the trireme to pass, and it vanished under the deep vault.

There is in this a sort of poetic condensation of the legend of Carthage, cruel, powerful, vulnerable, the

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overbearing but precarious mistress of the seas. In its pictorial splendour and in the significance which that conveys, it resembles nothing so much as a sonnet by Hérédia.

But the change of title does represent a deflection of intention. Flaubert, for all his labour, was not able to write a whole book on the level of intensity which Hérédia could achieve in a sonnet. It was, therefore, necessary for him to introduce a story of individuals. Hence Mátho and Spendius, hence Salammbô herself. It would be interesting to speculate on the precise processes of thought which preceded the change of title. The first chapter, though all these characters are introduced in it, bears traces of having been originally a group-picture intended to portray the contrast between Carthage and the Mercenaries whom she had cheated and of whom she went in fear. I would hazard the guess that Salammbô had at first rather an illustrative than a personal value.

But, however that may be, Flaubert does waver between the story of these persons and a picture of the city in agony. They appear too fleetingly for the reader to take much interest in them, but enough to divert attention from the larger and more general theme. A possibly fruitful subject, to which the reader at once directs his mind in anticipation, is introduced in Hamilcar's suspicion of his daughter's chastity but is almost at once lost sight of. Mátho gains possession of Salammbô, and loses her, too soon. Her recollection of their embraces, at the moment when he is being done to death, is obvious and unaffecting.

It is not unlikely that Flaubert was right in flinching from the general theme. His treatment of it, apart from all diversions, is not entirely successful. The story of the marches and counter-marches of the Carthaginians and the Mercenaries is as dull and confused as a military history of the American Civil War. The struggle between the opposing forces is too often deprived of reality by the author's cold striving for the maximum of horror. Whichever side he is describing at the moment appears to be in straits so excruciating as to make mere action, let alone victory, out of the question. This tends to make the whole process of events meaningless and therefore uninteresting.

Taken by and large, the book is a failure on so magnificent a scale that it retains a certain effect on the mind. It is, at worst, an incomparable example of the reduction to somewhere near absurdity of the theory on which not only Flaubert but also many of his contemporaries wrote their works. He himself said, before he began writing it:

For six weeks I have recoiled like a coward before "Carthage." I keep piling notes upon notes, for I do not yet feel that I have caught the swing of the thing. I do not yet see my objective clearly. For a book to sweat truth, an author must be stuffed to his very ears with the subject. Then the colour comes quite naturally, as an inevitable result and as a flowering of the idea itself. . . . I still have various researches to make. . . . Then I shall ruminate the plan I have made, and settle down to it! And the terrors of phrase will commence, the agonies of assonance, the torture of periods!

He also said: "You shall paint wine, love, woman, and glory on condition, my good man, that you are neither drunkard nor lover, neither husband nor cuckold. Involved in life, one sees it ill; one suffers or enjoys it too much. In my opinion the artist is a monstrosity, something outside nature."

He was, that is to say, the logical and perfect Parnassian. And the Parnassians provide a remarkable illustration of that tendency in modern French literature for each new generation to swing with the utmost violence away from the methods of the generation which has preceded it. Flaubert began by being a Romantic. The earliest objects of his admiration were Hugo and Quinet, and when he read his first ambitious work, the first draft of the 'Tentation de Saint Antoine,' to his friends they condemned it because of

its confused and dragging digressions, its too redundant style, and its abuse of metaphor, image and rhetoric. Similarly, Verlaine began by being a Parnassian and by wondering whether he ought to include in his 'Poèmes Saturniens' certain pieces which betrayed personal feeling. As Verlaine revolted from the canons of Flaubert's generation, so did Flaubert from those of the generation of Hugo. Anatole France described him as a man in whom a perpetual struggle raged, the struggle between that which he naturally was and that which he had resolved to be. But France, impressed by the reality of this conflict, does not seem to have understood, or at any rate does not make plain, how decisive was the battle. Once Flaubert had taken up his new attitude, he displayed all the fanaticism of the convert. The undisciplined raptures of romanticism no longer had any place in his work, though he found, perhaps, an outlet for them in boasting about the incredible pains he devoted to his work. In this deliberately adopted mood it was not difficult for him to imagine that the objective beauty which he sought must yield itself equally to study of the facts, be the theme Carthage twenty-odd centuries ago or Madame Bovary in a Norman yesterday. 'Salammbô' proves that in this he was wrong and may suggest that in his other books he triumphed in spite of the strict letter of the Parnassian rule.

GEORGE III'S CORRESPONDENCE

The Correspondence of King George the Third.
Edited by the Hon. Sir John Fortescue.
Vols. V and VI, 1780—December, 1783.
Macmillan. 50s.

THIS is the final instalment of George III's papers. A further volume, it is indicated, may be issued to complete the story of Lord North's Civil Service accounts which does not end in the period already covered, but for most purposes the materials for a final appraisal of George III's attempt at personal rule are now for the first time fully available in print. Sir John Fortescue has earned the thanks of all students of modern English history for the ability and despatch with which he has arranged and printed these materials, which have an interest which is not confined to the historical specialist. Time will be needed for the rich contents of these volumes to be properly studied and digested. Their first-rate importance needs no emphasis.

The period from the beginning of the year 1780 to December, 1783, marks the final stages of two struggles between England and the American colonies, and between George III and the Whigs. The first was virtually ended by the surrender at Yorktown in October, 1781. The second was more protracted. The result of the American policy of the King and Lord North led the House of Commons to accept, without a division, a strongly-worded motion against continuing the war in America. Lord North, after perhaps a dozen previous resignations, did actually resign, and a Whig ministry came into power. Two years earlier the passing of Dunning's famous resolution, "That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing and ought to be diminished," had shown that the King's party could not wholly rely even on a House of Commons paid to vote for them. With the Rockingham ministry of 1782, the last stages of the King's struggle against the Whig oligarchy begin. The ministry included Fox, George's detestation of whom can hardly be exaggerated, Shelburne, "the Jesuit of Berkeley Square," Burke, and Thurlow, of whom it was said that no one could possibly be so wise as Thurlow looked. Its short life was marked by one important reform. Parliament passed Burke's Economic Reform Bill, which greatly reduced the number of sinecures in the patronage of the

Government. "The Augean stables were half swept out." Shelburne made peace with America. There followed the "unnatural" or "unprincipled" coalition of Fox and North, the fall of which the King actively helped to bring about, and in December, 1783, the point at which these papers end, William Pitt made an alliance with the Crown on his own terms and became Prime Minister at the age of twenty-five.

Perhaps the most remarkable documents in these volumes are the draft messages to Parliament announcing the King's abdication. There are three of these. The first is dated March, 1782, and is the best indication of the King's attitude on the fall of Lord North. The two others are dated exactly a year later and are equally eloquent of George III's feelings at the prospect of the predominance of Fox. In the first of the latter there is one sentence which concisely states the King's case and by implication indicates the whole matter of the constitutional struggle: "His Majesty from Obedience to the Oath He took at His Coronation will never exceed the Powers Vested in Him, nor on the other hand ever submit to be the tool of a Party." The logic of the revolution settlement had not yet been fully worked out. Equally interesting are the King's comments on the recognition of American independence. George III shared the view which was common on the Continent when he wrote that the treaty "compleats the downfall of the lustre of the Empire." "After Britain has so much lowered herself," he asks, "can one be surprised that Courts treat her accordingly?" Sir John Fortescue says that the King wrote thus bitterly because it was the faction headed by Fox that had brought about the loss of America. This, to say the least, is a somewhat incomplete account.

There is a great deal in these papers that is of interest on the subject of secret service money, sinecures, and in general on the machinery of government by corruption. A vivid light on the methods of government is shown, for example, by Lord North's letter to the King on April 10, 1782: "If Lord North remembers correctly, the last General Election cost near £50,000 to the Crown. . . The Elections of 1779, 1780 and 1781 will cost £53,000." In December of the same year a letter from Sir William Musgrave is accompanied by an enclosure, entitled, "An Extract from the Lists of Useless and Sine-cure Offices." These range from a comptroller of customs on wool who receives £100 per annum to an inspector of prosecutions who receives £3,000 per annum "in Reversion to Mr. Robinson and Mr. Neville." In the letter itself it is observed that "very few of the Employments (exceeding £200 per annum) have been given to any persons for their Support of Government, but have rather been bestowed upon the Relations, Friends and Dependants of the Ministers," and further, that "very few of these patent Officers reside upon their employment." To complete the picture it is noted that the bribery was not by any means always effective:

. . . even those who obtained them by real services, know that their patents cannot be vacated at pleasure, but only by a tedious and expensive process at Law, upon proof of Misfeasance; consequently . . . they are entirely independant, and many of them have engaged warmly in Opposition to His Majesty's Measures at different times.

Sir John Fortescue would have us believe that times have not altered much. "If it be thought scandalous," he writes, "as well it may be, let it be remembered that the governing class always provides for itself out of the public purse, that it is doing so at this moment, and that the cost under the new governing class is about a thousand times as great as under the old." Comment is perhaps unnecessary. The same cannot be said of the gratuitously offensive remark Sir John Fortescue thinks it necessary to make in regard to the Gordon riots: "The scum of every great city requires to be shot down from time to time, and

that of London in 1780 needed it very sorely." This country, it may perhaps be suggested, is not the spiritual home of those who believe in government by gunshot.

SEA POWER

The Freedom of the Seas. By Lt.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy and George Young. Hutchinson. 18s.

IN Great Britain instructed opinion, and the much larger volume of opinion which seeks to be instructed, is following with keen attention the development of what is already referred to as the naval controversy between Britain and America. It is common ground on both sides of the Atlantic that British command of the sea must henceforth be shared with the United States, and in this racily written and highly interesting book the authors take the naval education of their own countrymen a step farther. In surrendering their historic supremacy at sea, they argue, the British are parting with something that is effectively already lost. The progress of the submarine and the aeroplane—the natural weapons of the weaker and poorer States—has robbed their battleships of the invulnerability of their armour and of the weight of their gun power, which admittedly is of little avail against the enemy in the air.

No doubt in the future, as in the past, an overwhelmingly powerful surface navy, such as the British, could drive an enemy's sea-borne trade, sailing under its own flag, from the sea; but an effective blockade, such as was enforced against the Central Powers in the war, and which only became really effective when the United States entered the struggle, will never again be possible because the United States will never again permit such interference with its

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legitimate trade. What is of even more importance for the overpopulated Island Power, the navy which "commands" the surface of the seas cannot protect its own sea-borne commerce against submarine and air attack. If, in the last war, the Germans, with only thirty submarines simultaneously at sea, were able to sink eight hundred thousand tons of shipping in a single month, how will it be in a future war in which the belligerents will dispose of far more powerful submarine fleets than the Germans were able to build, and sea routes will be infested with squadrons of powerful aeroplanes able to deal destruction by bomb or poison gas almost without risk to themselves? Following the authors' argument—which they thrust home with the aid of American naval photographs—to its logical conclusion, one might indeed ask whether, in future war, surface fighting ships will have any value at all. They are content, however, to show that no single navy in the future can command the sea.

But that function, they consider, could be effectively discharged by the American and British fleets in combination, and they therefore propose an Anglo-American "naval association" to keep the freedom of the seas in the sense of President Wilson's second point. So that, if the present Conservative Government in England, or a future Labour Government—of which latter Commander Kenworthy would probably be a member—should decide to propose the plan to America, we shall see a British delegation arriving in Washington to invite the American Government in all solemnity to co-operate with Britain in setting up that freedom of the seas for which President Wilson pleaded in vain at the Peace Conference, and which was the first war aim of Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Messrs. Kenworthy and Young expect great things from the Anglo-American "association," or, as they call it alternatively, "armed neutrality." Blockade will disappear except on a trivial scale, private property at sea will of course be immune, and the narrow waters—in the first place the English Channel, the North Sea, and (to the joy of the Russians) the Black and Baltic Seas—will be neutralized. Should Mr. Kellogg's plea for a general renunciation of war between the Powers meet with the success it deserves, the authors of this book would doubtless urge that their plan for joint Anglo-American sea-control would fit smoothly into the wider scheme of the American State Department as the less fits into the greater.

Be it noted that Commander Kenworthy and his collaborator, in spite of their ardent pacifism, are by no means sentimentalists in politics. They state plainly that the only alternative to a naval equality agreement between the United States and Britain is either an ignominious voluntary transfer of the trident from Britannia to Columbia, or, sooner or later, war between the two countries. Blood may be thicker than water, they say, but what foes fight more ferociously than brothers?

TRAVELLERS' TALES

The Travel Diaries of William Beckford of Fonthill. Constable. 42s.

WILLIAM BECKFORD was a remarkable young man. His income was at one period £155,000 a year; he inherited from his mother some of the best blood in England; he was learned beyond his years, passionately curious, passionately independent in mind and manner, and sufficiently contemptuous of contemporary opinion to flaunt his eccentricity in a way which nowadays would hardly be regarded as odd in an "aesthetic" youth, but which, when in prominence against background of late eighteenth-century formalism

brought upon him the inevitable punishment of social ostracism. His behaviour was by willing hands twisted into scandalous conduct, and he was for all practical purposes expelled from England, thought escaping—what a later and similar unfortunate described as the highest diploma in English letters—prison.

The first volume of this edition of his *Travel Diaries* is a reprint of the original scarce edition of 'Dreams, Waking Thoughts and Incidents' which is an account, in the form of letters to a friend in England, of the Grand Tour which Beckford made in 1780 when he was twenty. It is in this volume perhaps, that Beckford discovers most completely that which was remarkable and astonishing in him. The "crash" had not yet come; this was the young man's first real voyage abroad; every circumstance combined to excite his curiosity; he had the leisure and the power to satisfy it by a thousand lingerings and gloatings; while the medium through which he expressed his meditations thereon, his admirable prose, was as developed as ever it was destined to become. And with this mention of his prose style we come to the outward and visible sign of the thing about Beckford which really marks him out and makes him such good reading to-day—his discordance with his own age and his concordance with ours. The merits which are most remarkable in him, and which his style reflected, were those which English prose was, in the nineteenth century, to acquire. Beckford had imagination, aspiration after the unattainable, diversity of expression, and passion. He was romantic without being Romantic. He was moved by a love of the past and by the beauties of natural scenery, but was not affected by any Gothick cult. He was as sincere as is any modern nature lover, and indeed in one place is so modern as to express the sentiments of what used at Oxford to be known as a "Blue Domer"—i.e., one who would rather "worship beneath the blue dome of heaven than in a stuffy church."

His Grand Tour took him through the Western Germanies, through Switzerland and to Italy. We get some charming descriptions of the little coloured Teutonic towns and of the swarming ant-hills of the Netherlands. And there are appreciations of the wild scenery of the Alps. But it is when he reaches Italy that he appears at his best. In Venice his romanticism and his wealth gave him real amusement which it is delightful to read about. He would float about the canals all day with his hired musicians to play to him, or would make excursions to the neighbouring islands and convents, where he would take pleasure in drawing forth the dark inhabitants with the sounds of his instruments and would watch the tears which the sweetness of his worldly music would extract from their eyes. Rome he adored; Naples was perhaps a little too tawdry for him. But wherever he went he never missed a chance of hearing the local music and of revelling in or reviling it. For music was his completest pleasure, and he enjoyed it with an abandon only possible to those who possess taste but who are ignorant of technicalities. He would have loved a Viennese waltz but would have been bored by Brahms.

The second volume is an account of a visit to Portugal and Spain in 1788 and an excursion into the monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha in 1794. Here Beckford's keen sense of the ridiculous has developed, and there are some really amusing descriptions of the pompous ceremonies of the Latin nobility and of the absurd plays performed in the monasteries to which Beckford was so frequent a visitor. The Portuguese were kind to Beckford and he seems to have had a real though half-laughing liking for them; but the general impression which this last volume leaves is rather a sad one and when one knows his history one leaves Beckford with the melancholy picture of an exile wandering about in a century to which he was temperamentally

a foreigner, and in a country which excited his ridicule no less than his affection. These volumes are edited by Mr. Guy Chapman, who has written a capable memoir of Beckford's life by way of introduction.

THE FAUNA OF THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Birds and Beasts in the Greek Anthology. By Norman Douglas. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

MR. DOUGLAS has found a good subject, and though he pretends in his Preface only to write notes he has gone through severe research among erudite Germans and insists on giving us the learned conclusions of science as well as literary comments. This solid work is, however, lightened by his easy way of putting things, and he uses his own experiences as a travelled man, to say nothing of the help of expert friends. He even gives a recipe for producing bear-steak, and other culinary details, which need no apology, since the proper study of mankind is meals.

The Anthology is far wider in time and scope than the Greece known to the world as famous. It includes a good deal east of Greece, and two of its brightest spirits, Meleager and Lucian, belong to Syria. There is a section of Christian epigrams and the latest writers take us down to the Roman Emperors. In such a vast field the identification of animals, some of which have disappeared in the course of centuries, is not easy, especially as poets are not naturalists or in general close observers of detail. Thus there is plenty of room for speculation and *obiter dicta*, in which Mr. Douglas shines. It seems clear that modern and much more effective methods of killing have made animals in general shyer of man than they were. Seed-eating birds have probably increased, but rare creatures of all sorts have been relentlessly shot down. The Romans gathered wild animals to an extraordinary extent for the arena, but they did not go in for the modern slaughtering called sport. Killing by kindness, as in Meleager's epigram on the hare its mistress overfed into an early grave, is still common among silly keepers of pets.

Bears figure but little in the Anthology and even to-day, where they are known to exist, they are difficult creatures to see. Foxes were probably totems in the deme of Alopekæ at Athens, and wolf-men were supported by the fame of Apollo Lykios, the wolf-god; but both were obscured by the goat-men and the ægis-bearing Athene. The goat has abundant myth behind it and Mr. Douglas has not referred to its connexion with Dionysus, due to the fact that its skin provided the ancient receptacle for wine. The appropriate legend is well worked out by Nonnus, who agrees with Mr. Douglas in regarding honey as "begetting a most swift and strong surfeit." Still, it was the main sugar of the ancient world, and bees in the Anthology live up to their reputation of being supernatural. Legend offers details difficult to reconcile with fact in the unicorn, the halcyon bird, and the singing swan. All are ingeniously treated, and the last recalls a suggestion by Mr. Douglas which has often occurred to us, that modern and ancient ideas of beautiful sound do not coincide. The selection of animals provided by the Anthology is rather haphazard, and Mr. Douglas goes outside it for identification and illustration. Thus the best thing on the swallow is the popular song recorded by Athenæus. The translations supplied are of varying merit and some of them have too many inversions to be pleasing. We applaud the protest against the sentimental enlargement of the Greek common among translators.

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Heine called attention to the "griechische Heiterkeit," that cheerfulness which made much of this life, since it had no thought of another, and it is just this spirit of gaiety which makes Mr. Douglas's book charming reading. It is a rare combination of learning and lightness.

THE ELIZABETHAN EARL OF OXFORD

The Seventeenth Earl of Oxford, 1550-1604.

By B. M. Ward. Murray. 21s.

THERE have been so many distinguished holders of the title of Earl of Oxford—Harley of 1714, Oxford and Asquith, and that de Vere who lost the Battle of Barnet in 1471, through the star in his arms being mistaken for Edward's sun—that it is a difficult and invidious task to say which was the greatest of them all. But for natural ability and versatility of gifts, the seventeenth earl ought surely to rank first.

He seems to have had every possible fault of manner. His appearance was pompous, his temper quarrelsome. He was unpopular in his lifetime, and—what was still more unfortunate for his reputation—he was unpopular with the Whig historians of the nineteenth century, who sneered at him as "Burghley's ill-conditioned son-in-law," and represented him as a boor, when they troubled to mention him at all. Finally he has been "taken up" by a small group of twentieth-century faddists who have acclaimed him as the true author of Shakespeare's plays, thereby dealing him the unkindest cut of all. For, as Mr. Squire has pointed out, it is necessary first to prove that he did not write the verse ascribed to himself, since it is impossible that the same man should have written both. He behaved like a brute to his first wife, who was one of the Cecils, and was rather more than brusque in his treatment of his father-in-law, Burghley. Many a man's head had rolled in the dust for less. One of the few examples of his small-talk that have come down to us is an unpleasant joke at the expense of Raleigh, uttered at the time of the Essex trial—"when Jacks start up, heads go down." Yet Oxford himself was one of Essex's judges!

For all that, he was a man of extraordinary ability. He matriculated at Cambridge at the tender age of eight and took his degree when he was only fourteen—a remarkable achievement even in those days of precocious scholarship. A year before this, when he was living at Cecil House on the north side of the Strand (opposite the present Hotel Cecil) his tutor had frankly confessed that there was little more he could teach him. Yet he found time for heavy drinking and a series of wild escapades, one of which resulted in the death of an unfortunate kitchen-boy who had been run through the midriff by the young earl's sword. As he grew up he became more and more attracted to literature, and his reputation among men of letters, where he made his real friends, rests upon a solid foundation. But he was not ignorant of the courtier's art; Miss Ward can claim that for a considerable period he ranked as second favourite in Elizabeth's esteem, after the Earl of Leicester. If he did nothing very distinguished when he led an English military expedition to Holland in 1585, it must be remembered that his enemies at Court succeeded in getting him dismissed from the post before he had been given a chance of showing his mettle.

Taking him all round, he was a fine example of Elizabethan versatility, with a list of faults which we think we can afford to smile at nowadays, and a range of talents which we can only humbly admire. Miss Ward has put a tremendous amount of work into this book. She has weighed and examined every fact even remotely connected with Lord Oxford and his family; but what she calls her "subsidiary inter-

ludes" are relegated to special chapters, and anyone who prefers to do so can leave them out and follow the continuous narrative in the biographical chapters alone. She has some suggestions of her own to make—as that Oxford wrote some of Watson's verses (but why should not Watson have written them?) and that his real grievance against his wife and her relations was not so much her unfaithfulness, in which he never really believed, as their failure to get him the Poet Laureateship. We may believe these theories or not, as we like. At any rate we close the book with the satisfaction of feeling that we have heard all that can possibly be said about the life of the seventeenth Earl of Oxford.

"CHINA"

Old English Porcelain. By W. B. Honey. Bell. 21s.

TO collectors, for generations accustomed to regard 'Chaffers' as a sort of *biblia sacra*, it will come as a severe shock to learn how untrustworthy a guide that old work is now proved to have been. Mr. Honey's book is an assemblage of facts implying the most impressive erudition: it is beautifully printed and produced, ably arranged, copiously documented, and is the most authoritative work on this intricate subject that has yet been laid before the public. In an enthusiastic foreword, Mr. Bernard Rackham reminds the reader that the art of the porcelain potter as practised in Europe is "frankly a minor art," thus leaving a loophole for those who would place somewhat higher in importance the wonderful beauty of Oriental work in this *genre*. As in the case of most other objects which are collected for rarity, beauty, or mere age, the amateur has ever been prone to be a little



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wild in his attributions—in this instance, of particular specimens to certain factories—and while Mr. Honey says nothing in this book to damp a true collector's ardour, he approaches his subject with a reverent exactitude, a scientific weighing of evidence which will make the careful reader pause before he expresses an opinion about his newest acquisition.

In a learned introduction the author sketches the history of what is still, with an unfortunate lack of precision, called "china" in England; he then proceeds to devote chapters to the various factories, discussing the methods of manufacture and decoration and the difficulties of classification. There is a selected bibliography and, in an appendix, a table of the marks used by the several factories. There are nearly one hundred plates, well reproduced from photographs, illustrating over two hundred and fifty specimens, and Mr. Honey's constant references to objects in the National Collections will be of extreme use to the student. Regarding marks, the author observes that these may easily be copied or added to a piece after its making, "and can never be more than one of several items of evidence in favour of an attribution."

Many collectors will be depressed by this information and by the author's hint that though an instinct for authenticity undoubtedly exists, it can only be acquired by familiarity with "documentary pieces, the evidence regarding which cannot be re-examined too often." "The marks of the larger factories," he tells us in another place, "were often employed by their minor rivals . . . the most reputable establishments are found to have imitated the marks of famous Continental factories."

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NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

The Cabala. By Thornton Wilder. Longmans. 6s.

The Secret Battle. By A. P. Herbert. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

Iron Rations. By Hesketh Pearson. Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d.

The World in Bud. By Gerald Bullet. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

POPULARITY is a slippery prize. 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey' captured it; how then did it elude 'The Cabala,' Mr. Thornton Wilder's earlier book, now reprinted under the patronage, as it were, of its successor? To my thinking, 'The Cabala' is decidedly the better novel of the two, if one can call a novel what is really a collection of short stories, loosely bound together. Perhaps 'The Bridge' owed its success to the fact that its ligatures were more apparent; a spectacular disaster brought the characters together, and the suggestion that their violent deaths were to be in some way justified kept them together. In 'The Cabala' the links are flimsier—as flimsy as the bonds which united the society from which the book takes its name. The members of the Cabala were persons eminent in Roman society and they had this in common, that "each one of them had some prodigious gift, and together they were miles above the next social stratum below them. They were so wonderful that they were lonely." The narrator, who had the privilege of meeting these person-

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ages and acting as their chronicler, came upon them in their decline; their sphere of influence had contracted and was to contract further during the year he knew them. But they could still, in that country where intrigue is supposed to flourish, avail themselves of their prestige to get things done that were outside the reach of ordinary folk.

Mr. Wilder proceeds to show us what they were like, the Duchessa D'Aquilanera, Princess d'Espoli, Madame Bernstein, the Cardinal, Miss Grier, and Mlle. de Morfontaine. He introduces them, as he introduced the characters in his later book, with a tremendous flourish of trumpets. Whatever charm of language, whatever feats of erudition, whatever the whole armoury of *emprise*, generally exquisitely, sometimes crudely, employed, can do to single out individuals from their fellows, Mr. Wilder does: they seem, as he describes them, to be a coterie of deities. When they are no longer talked about but talking, they sometimes disappoint us. They are more fascinating as legends than as realities. As real people, though at times they come quite violently to life, (e.g., Marcantonio, a marvellous study of depravity) they have the air of being beautifully embalmed, shrouded in Mr. Wilder's exquisite prose and insulated by his omnipresent irony. This irony is one of the most delightful features of his work. It saves him, nearly always, from being over-precious and from taking himself too seriously, both of which risks he runs. 'The Cabala' is a work of singular charm, magnificently written, showing an enchanting blend of many rare qualities, irony, elegance, artificiality, seriousness, and maintaining throughout that bland, bowing acquaintanceship with reality which is Mr. Wilder's peculiar secret.

'The Secret Battle' is another excellent novel reprinted. Mr. A. P. Herbert, however, in his account of the war, whether in Gallipoli or in France, comes as near to reality as he can; in fact he is always at grips with it. Of the many books that have portrayed a sensitive nature overpowered by the horrible circumstances of warfare, Mr. Herbert's is perhaps the best; it is simple and straightforward and direct in treatment, and in style it is easy and distinguished. Without apparent effort it achieves an emotional harmony that swells and deepens as the story proceeds. To obtain this unity of idea Mr. Herbert, like many another novelist, rejects what does not suit his purpose; there are no characters in the book to whom fighting comes naturally, and such as achieve a kind of contentment are blackguards. Against two of these, Colonel Philpott and Burnett, the luckless Harry Penrose stumbles, and a horrible fate is his—almost too horrible, perhaps, for the painful but not quite tragic tenour of the story. It is Harry who fights the secret battle; he begins as an idealist, then gradually his nerve deserts him. We see him rejecting safe jobs

at home to satisfy an exacting conscience; forcing his flinching body into positions of exceptional danger in which his will can no longer control his actions. The result: an unjustifiable retreat in face of the enemy, a court-martial and a firing-party. Like Hardy, Mr. Herbert loads the dice against his hero, arranges that circumstances shall be as hostile to him, and appearances as much against him, as possible. We are vaguely aware of this; but the touches by which the sense of inevitability is induced are so skilful that probability, though shaken, is preserved. There can be few better records of the war, or testimonies to its horror, than 'The Secret Battle.'

Mr. Hesketh Pearson is also concerned with the war—the British conquest of Mesopotamia and penetration of Persia; but he has a stronger stomach than Mr. Herbert. It does not grieve him so much to think what man has made of man as it infuriates him; his satire leaps out hungrily and feeds on everything it sees—particularly the popular notion of what the East is like. "The East," he says, "is peopled with boobies. Boobies who laugh about nothing, chatter about nothing, and murder one another. The Arab is a large, impressive booby and cut-throat. The Persian is a crafty, slavish booby and cut-throat. Both of them hate us." They will particularly hate Mr. Pearson if his vigorous 'Iron Rations' falls into their hands. Much of it is journalism, but journalism of the best sort.

'The World in Bud' is a volume of short stories which deserves attention and will, I hope, get it. Mr. Bullett's main preoccupation is with the spring, the spring of the year and the springtime of life; spring with its promise and its hope, its blind obedience to instinct, its fragility and pertinacity, its stealthy movements towards it knows not what. Most writers could not be trusted with such a theme; but Mr. Bullett treats it with as much discretion as has the season itself, not disguising the insurgence of the blood, but concentrating on the tiny manifestations of awakening passion, filling his young world with enchantment and mystery. The first story in the book, 'The Orchard,' shows him at his most romantic, which is also at his best. As a partial contrast to these idylls of opening life he has added studies of maturer lovers, husbands and wives in whose relationship ennui, caprice and uncertainty are fast supplanting passion. Though these stories are not static or hostile to the forward movement of life they are necessarily more realistic than the others; and though Mr. Bullett has an observing eye and an insight into character, his people, seen close to without an intervening medium of romantic sentiment, are not altogether convincing. The sum of their hesitant, complicated emotions does not seem to make an indivisible personality. But Mr. Bullett is interesting about them, as about everything else.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Thistledown and Thunder. By Hector Bolitho. Cape. 7s. 6d.

MR. HECTOR BOLITHO was born in New Zealand and there experienced the familiar "difficulties of a Colonial boy struggling towards taste and discrimination and knowledge, without any of the contacts which make these things easy in England and France." It was, therefore, a great day for him when he was able to embark on a steamer for England and discover the Old World. He never quite loses the attitude of mind of the Colonial schoolboy. Personal "contacts" with people who count in literary and artistic circles are what he longs for most. He waited for hours on Adelphi Terrace to see Mr. Bernard Shaw come out of his house, and he tries to make us share the keen delight of "seeing Mr. D. H. Lawrence eating a boiled egg in a restaurant." The real adventure there was surely Mr. Lawrence's. After doing some publicity work at Wembley, Mr. Bolitho went to South Africa to edit a weekly paper; but he was not happy there and the end of the book finds him back in England and apparently settled down. He describes his travels with great zest and with not a little wit. If some of his first impressions may need correcting as he gets to know us better, it is greatly to be hoped that he will never lose the eager curiosity and the broad catholicity of taste which are the most attractive features of this book.

The White Wallet. Filled by Pamela Grey. Dent. 5s.

THIS is a sort of commonplace book which the compiler has, evidently, been in the habit of keeping and adding to for years. It is of interest as indicating Lady Grey's own tastes and predilections in literature. Thus, we find that whereas Shakespeare is represented by three quotations, thirty-three are allotted to T. W. H. Crosland. The book betrays evidence of wide and discriminating reading; among the writers drawn upon are George Brandès, Count Robert D'Humières, Mary Evans Gordon, St. Monica, J. C. Snaith and Sir Hedworth Williamson. Some of the most acceptable extracts come from Lady Grey's own pen, and the little poem on page 234 is a model of grace and sympathetic humour. There is no excuse, however, for the attribution of that exquisite lyric, "Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!" to John Donne. Its real author was Mr. Robert Bridges, whose name, by the way, does not figure in the index. The anthology is illustrated with some delicate drawings by Mr. Stephen Tennant.

How Shakespeare "Purged" Jonson. By Arthur Gray. Cambridge. Heffer. 2s.

IN 'The Return from Parnassus,' acted at Cambridge in 1602, it was said by Kempe that "our fellow Shakespeare hath given him (Jonson) a purge." What was the purge? The favourite suggestion is that the Thersites of 'Troilus and Cressida' was Jonson. But that is untenable for various reasons. By a series of eliminations the Master of Jesus arrives at the conclusion that 'As You Like It' was the play, and the melancholy Jaques was Jonson. This conclusion once arrived at our author makes out a quite reasonable case for its probability and shows how different in tone was Shakespeare's criticism from that of Dekker and Marston, and how creative and final it was on the subject of English comedy.

Pictorial Golf. By H. B. Martin. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

MR. H. B. MARTIN has mastered the art of arrangement and has benefited by being able to draw his own diagrammatic illustrations. His method is to take a single point, as, for instance, popping the ball, or hip movement, or the correct stance, give his instruction in a few sentences and drive his points home in a full-page diagram. These are exceptionally easy to follow. His advice can be put into practice at once, indoors or out. In a game in which the personal element enters so largely it is little likely that all his theories will be adaptable to all his readers. But that a great deal of good may come both to the duffer and the expert by studying them there can be no doubt. Mr. Martin has strong views of his own, some of them controversial, but he has had also the advantage of studying the methods of many famous players. He is able to say "This is Hagen's stance for an iron shot" and illustrate it exactly, or "This is how Johnnie Farrell putts." "There is no such thing as a straight left," says George Duncan. Little hints gathered from the great are thus added to his own observations and theories. The illustrations cover nearly every difficulty which the amateur player is likely to face.

"Nonsericks." By "Uncle Mac" (Derek McCulloch). Methuen. 3s. 6d.

TO many thousands of children in this country "Uncle Mac" is merely a voice—albeit a very welcome voice. The present volume reveals him as a writer of agreeable limericks. Mr. A. P. Herbert in his foreword gives it as his opinion that the limerick is "one of the most difficult of all the difficult forms of literary composition." He is probably correct in this estimate. Certainly there has been no successful writer of limericks on a large scale since Edward Lear, who is credited with the invention of this intriguing verse-form. Mr. McCulloch, however, has the knack, and his efforts will pass the test of the most exacting nursery.

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MOTORING

BY W. H. STIRLING

THE Automobile Association is informed by its ally, the American Automobile Association, that its application to the United States Government for special facilities for motor tourists to enter the United States has resulted in the Government sanctioning a free period of ninety days. In effect this means that the British tourist may now import his motor car into the States without being called upon to deposit cash to cover the duty or arrange a bond for the period sanctioned.

* *

Mr. S. F. Edge has received a letter from Lord Montagu of Beaulieu testifying to his experiences with an A.C. six-cylinder car, which he took with him to the south of France for six weeks. During that time, Lord Montagu says, the car ran about 2,500 miles without any mechanical trouble whatever through all kinds of weather and over all kinds of roads, very often negotiating severe gradients, and on long stretches of straight road a speed of 50 to 55 miles per hour was maintained.

* *

Another small British car which has already developed a fine reputation is the Super Seven Triumph. Extreme care in every detail has always been one of the strong points of the Triumph firm, and their engines are made with great precision.

I shall have more to say about the Super Seven later on.

* *

Considerable confusion appears to exist as to the time at which number plates have to be illuminated on motor vehicles. Under the provisions of the newly passed Road Transport Lighting Act, which came into operation on Sunday, April 22, lights on vehicles must be lit one hour after sunset in "summer time." This does not apply to the illumination of number plates, however, which is still governed by the Act of 1924. Under this Act, the tail lamp must be illuminated half an hour after sunset. A warning was issued by the R.A.C., before the Road Transport Lighting Act came into operation, that certain anomalies had been created by the Act. There are many points upon which the motoring public is not clear, such as the position of side lamps, the illumination of rear lights on motor cycles, swivelling headlights, and so forth. The R.A.C. has made a close study of the Act and the Regulations issued in connexion with it, and will be pleased to advise drivers on any points which may be obscure.

* *

Mr. Gordon Stewart, the governing director of Messrs. Stewart and Arden, Ltd., has built up his huge business with remarkable thoroughness. His firm commands the largest sales service and repair organization devoted to Morris cars, with a territory comprising the London area and part of the Home Counties. In driving and technical instructions the client may have as many lessons as he likes without restriction. All this may be enquired into at Morris House, 103 New Bond Street, W.1.

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NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review. Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

- THE ENGLISH LITERATURE LIBRARY. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. Group I. I. THE BIRTH OF ROMANCE; II. SOME LITTLE TALES. The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. each.
- THE BRONTËS AND THEIR STARS. By Maud Margesson. Rider. 12s. 6d.
- MORPHEUS OR THE FUTURE OF SLEEP. By D. F. Fraser-Harris. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.
- THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. Replica of 1678 Edition. Douglas. 10s. 6d.
- PRINTING OF TO-DAY. By Oliver Simon and Julius Rodenberg. Davies. 21s. Limited edition, 63s. (May 24.)
- NOVELISTS ON NOVELS. By R. Brimley Johnson. Douglas. 7s. 6d.
- WHY MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL IS NOT A CHRISTIAN. By H. G. Wood. Student Christian Movement. 4s. and 2s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- CHAPTERS IN THE ADMINISTRATIVE HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. By T. F. Tout. Volumes III and IV. Manchester University Press. 30s. each volume.
- ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By Hugh Walpole. Macmillan. 5s.
- THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By James Mavor. Allen and Unwin. 21s.
- BAGHDAD IN BYGONE DAYS. By Constance M. Alexander. Murray. 16s.
- CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS. By the Hon. O. T. J. Alpers. Murray. 15s.
- THE ROMAN WORLD. By Victor Chapot. Kegan Paul. 16s.
- BUDDHISM IN PRE-CHRISTIAN BRITAIN. By Donald A. Mackenzie. Blackie. 10s. 6d.
- SPENSER IN IRELAND. By Pauline Henley. Cork University Press. 6s.
- ENGLAND IN JOHNSON'S DAY. By M. Dorothy George. Methuen. 6s.
- JOHN BUNYAN. By G. B. Harrison. Dent. 6s.
- POLICING THE TOP OF THE WORLD. By Herbert Patrick Lee. The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.
- CANNIBAL JACK. By William Diapea. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d. (May 24.)
- THE CASE OF JEAN CALAS. By F. H. Maugham. Heinemann. 6s.

POLITICS AND SCIENCE

- A SURVEY OF SOCIALISM. By F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Macmillan. 15s.
- THE PREPARATION OF COAL FOR THE MARKET. By Henry Louis. Methuen. 10s. 6d.
- WHAT AM I? By Edward G. Spaulding. Scribners. 8s. 6d.
- THE SCIENCE OF MORALS. By Leon Roth. Benn. 5s. 6d.

VERSE AND DRAMA

- RETREAT. By Edmund Blunden. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s. (May 24.)
- THE COMING OF CHRIST. By John Masefield. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.
- THE GOLDEN HIND. By Graham Rawson. The Bodley Head. 2s.

TRAVEL

- THE COAST OF PLEASURE. By Grant Richards. Cape. 10s. 6d.
- EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN LANDS. By Colonel P. H. H. Massy. Routledge. 12s. 6d.
- FOUR BOON FELLOWS. By Alfred J. Brown. Dent. 7s. 6d.

FICTION

- THE WOMAN WHO RODE AWAY. By D. H. Lawrence. Secker. 7s. 6d. (May 24.)
- TALES FROM GREENERY STREET. By Denis Mackail. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
- THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS AND OTHER TALES. By William Fryer Harvey. Dent. 6s.
- DEAD LOVERS ARE FAITHFUL LOVERS. By Frances Newman. Secker. 7s. 6d.
- STRAWS IN THE WIND. By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny. Cassell. 7s. 6d. (May 24.)
- APPARITION. By F. Le Gros Clark. Knopf. 7s. 6d.
- THE BLOOD SISTER. By Charles Bruce. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d. (May 28.)
- A GOOD MARRIAGE. By Mary Brearley. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d. (May 21.)
- PHILIDA. By H. S. Reid. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.
- ALL THE CONSPIRATORS. By Christopher Isherwood. Cape. 7s. 6d.
- THE MAN IN THE DARK. By John Ferguson. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
- THE PENAL SETTLEMENT. By Cecil Champain Lewis. Cape. 7s. 6d.
- THE LITTLE DUCHESS. By Vincent Sheean. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

LITERARY NOTES

AFTER the "re-formation" of the firm of Williams and Norgate, the Home University Library was bought from them by Messrs. Thornton Butterworth who are now publishing in this series a *History of England, 1815-1918*, by Professor J. R. M. Butler, and a *History of the British Empire*, by Professor Basil Williams, of Edinburgh University. The title of Stephen McKenna's new novel, which this firm are about to publish (*The Unburied Dead*), does not, as the constant reader of Mr. McKenna might suppose, mean that in this work the "Sonia gang" are once more trooped across the stage. It refers to all those "aristocratic survivals who, in this age of industrialism, have nothing but their inherited prestige to fall back upon." On the sad subject of these relics Mr. McKenna has written his new novel.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are publishing two volumes of poems that ought to be worth buying (and not borrowing, for in England Poetry needs every penny that can be given to it). These are *The Earth for Sale*, by Harold Monro, and *Time Importuned*, by Sylvia Townsend Warner.

Messrs. Allen and Unwin are shortly publishing a translation of de Goncourt's *The Woman of the Eighteenth Century*. This firm has produced some famous translations in the past. Interest in the tiny State of Andorra in the North of Spain seems to survive, for Messrs. Allen and Unwin are publishing yet another book upon it, *Round About Andorra*, by B. Newman.

Mr. Alfred Gordon Bennet is publishing with Messrs. Duckworth a novel called *Thine is the Kingdom* which, we are told, "propounds with stark sincerity a gospel of Revolt for the young against the prevailing false standards and points a way to a new Religion." Messrs. Duckworth are also publishing a novel, *To Kiss the Crocodile*, by Ernest Milton, the actor.

Messrs. Jonathan Cape have made arrangements to publish a collected edition of the books of Mary Webb, to whom the Prime Minister recently gave some sudden, if short-lived, publicity by his generous praise of her books at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund and by his assertion that in life she had been neglected, in death ignored. Now the public is going to have the chance of judging for itself the merits of her work. Volumes will appear monthly at 5s. each.

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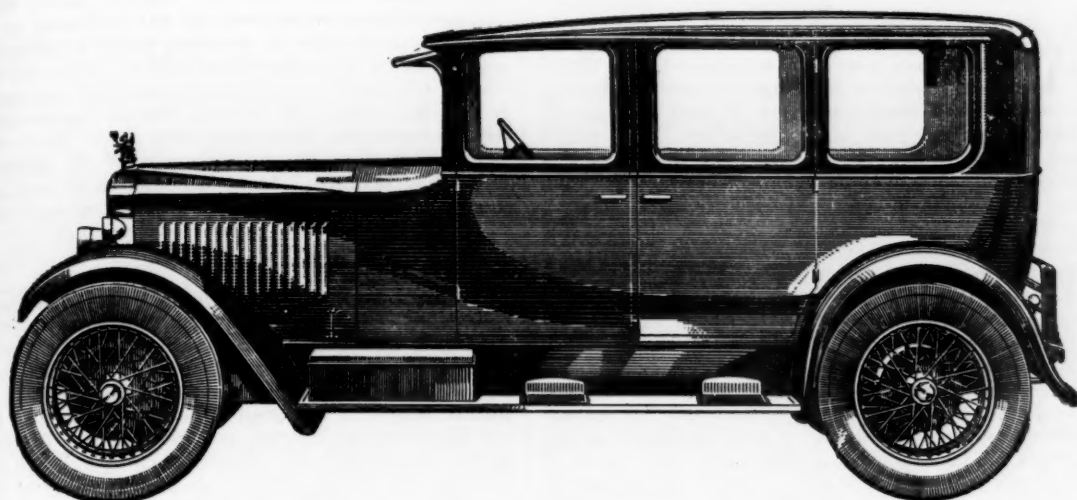
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

ALTHOUGH in all cases the highest prices reached have not been maintained, the Stock Exchange Industrial boom is still continuing. For a few days there are bouts of profit taking, followed by a fresh rush of buying orders. The public have reached a stage when apparently they must buy shares, and no sooner do they sell one holding than they are anxious to replace it with another. It is no use for the harassed stockbroker to say that at the moment he cannot confidently recommend a share that should be purchased. The general run of clients will not accept this answer. They thirst to buy shares and buy shares they must. Level-headed and serious-minded City people are shaking their heads at the present position. It is said of one eminent stockbroker that, on receiving a letter from a client asking for shares which he could recommend for capital appreciation, he replied that it was impossible at the moment for him to select a share with any degree of confidence that would show capital appreciation within the next twelve months, but he could quite easily select a dozen shares which would show substantial capital depreciation in a considerably shorter period. Yet, despite these statements by those whose opinions should be respected, and the general tendency which is being displayed to warn the public, prices continue to rise and the public continues to buy.

TEA SHARES

Although interest in the tea share market is limited to a small circle who favour this class of investment, the results shown by tea companies compare very favourably in the matter of yield with other branches of the Industrial market. A tea share is naturally speculative and therefore a higher yield is expected. Unfortunately, the tea share market is so narrow that tea shares have never been given the opportunity of growing really popular. Those, however, who are prepared to take the risk that an investment of this sort entails, might consider the desirability of acquiring shares in the Tea Share Trust. Investments in Trust companies of all sorts are attractive, as the risk is split up among a large number of counters, and for this reason the shares of the Tea Trust should not be overlooked. The fifth annual report recently issued shows a net profit of £31,987, which compares with £19,379 last year. An interim dividend of 7½% has been paid and a final dividend of 12½ per cent. has just been declared. The reserve account now totals £70,000, of which £8,974 is carried forward. These shares, which can be purchased in the neighbourhood of £2 cum final dividend, appear to possess possibilities.

VOCALION GRAMOPHONES

The Vocalion Gramophone Company has issued its third annual report and, although the figures do not approach the forecast made by those optimists who have been talking the shares up to a high price during recent months, they certainly disclose a vastly improved position. The profit for the year amounts to £96,627, which includes a profit on the sale of the Company's factory in Australia and other assets of £29,673. This profit of approximately £67,000 compares with a profit of £8,277 for the year ended March 31, 1927. Shareholders have received an

interim dividend of 10% and a final dividend of 30% is now declared. As the issued capital of the company consists of 500,000 shares of 10s. each, it will be seen that the directors are distributing in dividends rather more than the trading profit, which denotes supreme confidence as to the future of the company rather than a deliberate policy of disregarding the paths of conservative finance. While on past results the shares are obviously quite high enough, it is possible, should the present craze for gramophone records continue, that this time next year their figures will show the present price of the shares is more than justified. At the meeting to be held next month we shall, presumably, hear further particulars of the progress the company is now making.

STANDARD CARPET

Dealings started last week in the £1 ordinary shares of the Standard Carpet Company (1928) Limited. This company has been formed to amalgamate various carpet-manufacturing and merchant businesses and the prospectus, recently published for information only, included figures which showed that the future of the concern was promising. The company's directorate is a particularly good one and includes the names of those conducive to great confidence in the City. In these circumstances these Standard Carpet Company's shares are well worth locking away for twelve months.

COURTAULD

Courtauld shares have reached a record price, and yet it seems that they are not over-valued. The company is believed to be doing extremely well, and the value of its American interests is said to total a stupendous figure. The buying of Courtauld shares during recent weeks has emanated largely from the Continent, particularly from Germany. Those prepared to face a possible set-back in price if the present wave of optimism on the Stock Exchange should die down should not overlook the possibilities of Courtauld shares to-day despite the rise that they have already enjoyed.

SHELL

With a sudden demand for all classes of shares in a large number of companies with no past achievements to justify present prices, it is surprising that the shares of the Shell Transport Company can be purchased at under £5. Last year dividends amounting to 25%, free of tax, were paid, and it certainly seems preferable that the investor should hold shares of this class, showing at the present price a yield of over 5% tax free, than 95% of the shares which are being so anxiously sought after to-day. Those who satisfy themselves with the less spectacular movements of shares like Shells will find themselves in a much more comfortable position in about six months' time than those who indulge in the indiscriminate purchasing of recent favourites.

BRITISH CEMENT PRODUCTS

A minor feature during the last week has been the rise in British Cement Product shares, to which reference was made last week and which were originally recommended in these notes at a considerably lower figure than that ruling to-day. Attention recently has been mainly focussed on the ordinary shares, with the result that at the moment the deferred shares seem the more attractive purchase of the two. It is probable that both classes of share will reach higher levels.

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Company Meetings

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The FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Retail Trade Securities, Ltd., was held on May 10, at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. Clarence C. Hatry (deputy-chairman) presiding in the absence of the chairman, the Marquis of Winchester.

The chairman, in the course of his speech, said: The net profit earned from the incorporation of the company to the 31st March last was £338,528. Considering that the larger part of the capital was only issued on the 18th May, 1927, I feel sure that you will agree with me that the results shown in these accounts are far from unsatisfactory. I am bound to point out that these profits have been earned under exceptionally favourable market conditions, and that is why I hope that you will approve of our suggested allocation of the profits, even though it may appear to you to err on the conservative side.

Since the issue of the accounts your directors have taken advantage of the continuation of favourable market conditions, and a further substantial profit for the current year has already been realized, and our assets to-day are in a distinctly liquid form.

Soundly established as our business is, I must again emphasize that this high ratio of profit on the present issued capital may not be maintained, but in deciding to recommend the payment of a maiden dividend at the rate of 16 per cent., your directors were not unmindful that a precedent was being created from which it would be unwise to depart in the future.

BOARD'S POLICY

We do not aspire to be either an investment trust company or a finance company in the strict sense in which these terms are usually understood. The policy of your Board is not that of merely investing in shares in the hope of obtaining immediate capital appreciation or purchasing interests with a view to flotation at an enhanced price. Your directors prefer to concentrate on one or two industries at a time; to make a thorough study of their conditions and prospects, and then to acquire in them such substantial holdings or controlling interests as the circumstances of each case may warrant. Retail Trade Securities, Ltd., is a holding company in that it is prepared to retain and nurse the interests so acquired until the appreciation in value makes their disposal at a profit, publicly or otherwise, both feasible and advantageous. It is a developing company, in that it actively promotes this appreciation in value (a) by financial assistance; (b) by effecting amalgamations or working agreements with other concerns and thereby reducing or eliminating competition, and (c) by the introduction of more efficient and progressive management. Our profits during the year under review were derived principally from the sale by the company to Debenhams, Ltd., of a block of ordinary shares (representing the controlling interest) in Drapery Trust, Ltd., which block was purchased some twelve months ago.

POSSIBLE INCREASE OF CAPITAL

Should the necessity arise, your directors will not hesitate to ask the shareholders to sanction an increase in the capital of the company, so that full advantage may be taken to invest in, finance, and develop the businesses in which they contemplate taking an interest. In regard to this possible increase of capital, nothing, however, has been decided.

Of the present issued capital a considerable number of shares are held by certain groups which some of your directors represent, and the balance is held by the public in comparatively small denominations. The above-mentioned groups have decided to retain as a permanent investment not less than 500,000 shares. In the near future they will accordingly be offering for sale the balance of their shares. The price has not yet been fixed, but, should it be appreciably below the present market price, or, in other words, on bonus terms, all other shareholders will be given preferential consideration when and if the offer is made.

I cannot at this stage give you any definite particulars as to the nature of the company's present negotiations. I can, however, say this, that the investments we contemplate are thoroughly sound, are concerned with well established and thriving industries, and are in no sense speculative.

We had a certain amount of liquid cash available from the proceeds of the sale of Debenhams Securities shares, and we decided to employ a portion of it in the purchase of shares in Photomaton Patent Corporation, Ltd., but not before we were fully satisfied on two points: (a) that that company had passed the experimental stage and had actually secured contracts for the sale of patent rights or machines to an amount exceeding the issued capital, and (b) that there was every prospect of our being able to sell our Photomaton shares at a profit. Since making the purchase, I am pleased to inform you that we have sold the bulk of these shares at a satisfactory profit.

The time is approaching when we shall have to decide on our next forward move. As you will have gathered, your directors have a fairly precise and confident idea of the forms this forward move should take. Meanwhile we have nearly £1,000,000 in cash or in cash receivable under contracts for stock sold, and we have also quoted securities of a saleable character which, while representing not less than £750,000 in value, stands in our books at a lower figure.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

CARMELITE TRUST

PULP AND NEWSPAPER INTERESTS.

The STATUTORY MEETING of the Carmelite Trust, Ltd., was held on May 16th at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Mr. H. S. Horne, the Chairman, who presided, said that not only had the whole of the preliminary expenses, estimated at £25,000, but amounting actually only to £20,500, been paid out of the premium received on the shares issued, but from that source there would remain a sum of £29,500 in reserve. In one operation, therefore, the company was free from the horrible incubus of preliminary expenses.

With regard to the steps being taken to enlarge the Board, the Directors believed that in an undertaking of this nature it was impossible to tap too many sources of expert knowledge; the more the basis of the company was widened the better, provided that was done on sound lines, and that was often made practicable by the inclusion on the Board of men representing certain interests or possessing special knowledge. It was proposed that Mr. Cranfield Hicks, who had been associated with the *Evening Standard*, *Daily Express*, and *Sunday Express* as financial editor, and had earned a unique and widespread reputation for the soundness of his financial views, should join the Board. With reference, moreover, to future additions, shareholders could rest assured they would be made on merits, and nothing but merits; there would be no passengers in the control of the Carmelite Trust.

PROSPECTS OF PULP PRODUCERS.

At the recent meeting of the Associated Anglo-Atlantic Corporation he had discoursed at some length on the position and prospects of the Pulp Producing, Newspaper Producing and Allied Industries with which the operations of the Carmelite Trust were primarily concerned.

To take the pulp situation first: Recent reports of Canadian Pulp Companies had shown that, despite somewhat difficult conditions, they had made largely increased profits. Confidence was expressed by them as to the future, and in spite of keen competition from Scandinavian producers, American publishers infinitely preferred the better quality Canadian papers. Lord Clinton, Chairman of the Forestry Commission, had recently stated that the virgin forests of Canada had a life of no more than 25 years, and unless special steps were taken the world's timber supplies would become exhausted. That statement was of more than usual interest in view of the authority by which it was made, and inasmuch as this company was a large holder of *Daily Mirror* Ordinary shares, it would be as well for them to bear in mind that the *Daily Mirror* Company to-day possessed the practical control of one of the newest mills in Canada, which would shortly be producing on a very important scale and at a very favourable production cost. The value of this holding to the *Mirror* Company would, in his opinion, be enormous in time, and already a very big price has been offered for the common stock of the undertaking to which he had referred.

THE CONSOLIDATION OF NEWSPAPER INTERESTS.

The policy of the consolidation of papers had met with a certain amount of what he claimed was quite unjustified criticism. Some people foresaw danger in those absorptions and amalgamations. Personally, he did not, but he did see substantial advantages. Just as they could not hope and should not want to arrest the process of soundly planned amalgamations in various directions, so they must take place in the newspaper world. Moreover, whatever the actuating motive might be there was the one fundamental factor, which was that newspapers could only exist by the respect and interest of their readers.

In that connection he had to refer to the very considerable interest—very likely to be increased—which they had taken in the Ordinary shares in the Northcliffe Newspapers, Ltd. He was one of those who possessed the firm belief that as a result of recent developments, the mental outlook of most civilised human beings had changed fundamentally, and in no cases more than with those living in provincial centres and country towns. Because of that he thought that great scope existed for a different type of newspaper to meet that change, and there was room for very big developments in that direction without treading on other people's toes.

He trusted that he had shown that the anticipations expressed in the Carmelite Trust prospectus had been justified, and it would be gratifying to the shareholders to know that the Trust has already made a substantial profit on the funds entrusted to it, and that valuable business had been conducted which, quite apart from the profit-making possibilities, would enable the company greatly to enlarge its sphere of activity.

The resolution sanctioning the increase in the number of directors was unanimously approved, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors terminated the proceedings.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 322
(12TH OF THE 23RD QUARTER).

"THE ENGLISH, FOR ANCE, BY GUILF WAN THE DAY;
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST . . . LIE CAULD IN THE CLAY."

—Jane Elliot, *A Lament for Flodden*

1. If wise, by this he scarce will be annoyed.
2. Still by the cunning alchemist employed.
3. Bayeux's bold bishop here may find a place.
4. Last phase of steeds once foremost in the race.
5. Pertaining to their own peculiar creed.
6. Amminadab his daughter next we need.
7. This cotton cloth from China did they bring.
8. Lurked on our roads when George the Third was king.
9. Eager to rush where prudence fears to tread.
10. Void though I am, curtail me and behead.
11. Of climbing Eastern parrot choose one half.
12. The prophet brought them this,—they danced around their calf.

Solution of Acrostic No. 320

R	es	Cind ¹	¹ High on a throne of royal state, which
I	ss	Achar ²	far
V	iru	S ³	Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of
E	qui	P	Ind.— <i>Paradise Lost</i> , Bk. II.
R		Ib	² "Issachar is a strong ass couching down
V	erand	A	between two burdens."—Gen. xlix. 14.
O	ctogenaria	N	³ <i>Odyssey</i> , Bk. xviii.
L	amenes	S ⁴	⁴ The 'Grecian bend' and the 'Alexandria
G	oos	E	limp' were fashionable follies of the
A	laud	A ⁵	seventies.

⁵ The skylark is *Alauda arvensis*. See Shelley's ode "To a Skylark." (*Alauda* is of Celtic derivation, and means "great songstress.")

ACROSTIC No. 320.—The winner is Mr. John Lennie, Southleigh, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, who has selected as his prize 'The Professor's Poison,' by Neil Gordon, published by Longmans and reviewed in our columns on May 5 under the title 'Shorter Notices.' Three other competitors named this book, 17 chose 'Five Deans,' 11 'The Pacific: A Forecast,' 11 'The Mountain and Other Stories,' 9 'My Mortal Enemy,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Armadale, Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Miss Carter, Carlton, Dhualt, Falcon, Farsdon, Jeff, Martha, Met, George W. Miller, Peter, Rabbits, Hon. R. G. Talbot.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Ceyx, J. Chambers, Chip, Clam, Coque, E. K. P., Estela, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, Iago, Miss Kelly, Kirkton, T. D. Lowe, Madge, Miss Moore, H. de R. Morgan, N. O. Sellam, Perky, Quis, Miss R. Ransom, Shorwell, Sisypus, Stucco, Tadpole, Twyford, C. J. Warden, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Brevis, Mrs. J. Butler, Ché Negro, Maud Crowther, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Hanworth, W. P. James, Jop, Lillian, J. F. Maxwell, Oakapple, Margaret Owen, Rand, Rho Kappa, St. Ives, Tiny Tim. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 319.—One Light Wrong: Mrs. J. Butler, Rand.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: E. Barrett, Chip, Maud Crowther, Sir Reginald Egerton, Estela, Hanworth, A. M. W. Maxwell, M. I. R., Miss Moore, Polamar, Rho Kappa, Tadpole, Twyford. All others more.

For Lights 1 and 9 Silt and Malnutrition are accepted, though the latter is perhaps rather a result than a cause.

JOHN LENNIE.—Marmara and Marmora are both in use. You are right in thinking that Acquisitive is a better answer to Light 12 than Avarice.

ACROSTIC No. 318.—One Light Wrong: Martha. Two Lights Wrong: George W. Miller, St. Ives.

DHUALT.—Thanks for your suggestion, which we are adopting.

C. E. FORD.—*Salvia* (Clary, or Wild Sage) grows on dry pastures in England. Tropical plants do not necessarily grow in dry pastures: many grow in swamps.

J. LENNIE.—Your twelfth Light was also wrong. May I congratulate you on having been fortunate again after such a very long run of bad luck?

DHUALT.—I did not feel able to accept Sayers.

OUR 23RD QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the tenth round the leaders are: Armadale, Carlton, Dhualt, Met; John Lennie, Hon. R. G. Talbot; Clam, G. W. Miller; N. O. Sellam, Sisypus, St. Ives, Yendu.

Company Meeting

SCHWEPPE'S, LIMITED

STEADY PROGRESS

The THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Schweppes, Limited, was held on the 11th inst. at the Victoria Hotel, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

Sir Ivor Philipps, K.C.B., D.S.O., who presided, said that since the close of the year under review they had formed a French company in Paris. They were putting up a factory at Gonesse, and hoped to manufacture there shortly and distribute their waters in Paris and surrounding districts. Their business in Australia continued to prosper, while by the acquisition of Burrows, of Malvern, they had acquired further valuable leasehold rights over the famous waters of the Malvern Hills. There was no purer or more healthful water than Malvern water.

They were continuing the policy of extending the area of motor-van deliveries by the establishment of depôts at suitable centres for the distribution of their goods, thus affording additional facilities to customers. They had now, with the exception of a few remote corners, established an organization of van delivery over the whole of England and over the greater part of Scotland and Wales.

The net profit for the year was £157,000, as against £151,000 for 1926. These figures showed steady progress, and they thought they could congratulate themselves on the continued popularity of Schweppes waters.

The report was adopted.

Moving a resolution authorising the directors to proceed with a scheme for dealing with the arrears of dividend on the Deferred shares, the Chairman said that during the last eight years he had constantly been asked how they proposed to deal with the arrears of dividend on the Deferred shares. They could not hope to pay up in cash the arrears except over a long period of years, and some kind of scheme was therefore necessary. There was 95 per cent. of arrears due to Deferred shareholders, and it was proposed to issue free to every Deferred shareholder one Deferred share for every two Deferred shares now held. That meant that this year the Deferred shareholder would receive a dividend in cash, or its equivalent, of 95 per cent. and 10 per cent., or 105 per cent. He could keep the new free issue of shares, if he wished, or he could sell to get the equivalent of 95 per cent.

The resolution was approved by an overwhelming majority. A vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the proceedings.

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Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
—Congreve.

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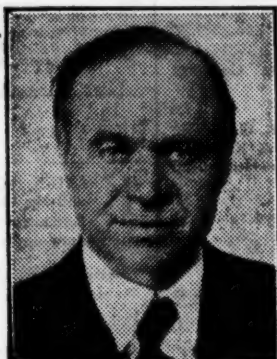
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